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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY CARRIE MYER.

With glorious form and brow serene,
With meek and yet majestic mien,
He comes at night, and bending low
Where, weary with my weight of woe,
I lie and moan and wail and weep,
He speaks, and soothes me soon to sleep:
A sleep all radiant with dreams
Of Eden's beatific streams!
But ere my aching eyelids close,
And back to heavenly bowers he goes,
With tender and beseeching look,
Unmoved no mortal heart could brook,
He gives, in accents mild and bland,
The soft reproof, the sweet command:—
"My law of love why wilt thou break?
Forgive him, maiden, for my sake!"

Though, while the fine cords thrill again,
And quiver with excess of pain,
In desolation dark and strange,
Wrought by this blighting, marring change,
I still look back and sadly see
That all was cruel mockery—
The loving look, the fond caress,
The dear, dear words of tenderness!
Though in my soul have rankled long
The hidden wounds of grief and wrong;
Though from the hour when first you knew
My trusting love was given to you,
Commenced the work of sorrow's power
To blast the brightness of the hour;
Though all was done my heart to break—
I do forgive for Christ's dear sake!

He gives me hope, He gives me peace,
He gives me joy that cannot cease;
He gives me faith, he gives me rest,
He makes me feel how very blest
I am, and e'er shall be, with Him,
While life and earthly things grow dim;
Though all is wrapped in chilly night,
And over all has passed the blight,
The beauty and the light of yore
Are lost to me forevermore;
But holier beauty thrills me now,
Far purer light falls o'er my brow!
"In perfect peace," and rest divine,
I shall be kept, for Christ is mine!
With joy earth cannot give or take,
I am forgiving for His sake!

THE WOMAN I LOVED,

AND THE WOMAN WHO LOVED ME.

A STORY IN TWELVE CHAPTERS.

By the Authoress of "Agnes Tremorne."

CHAPTER I.

THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

My mother was very anxious that I should marry. This was not an extraordinary wish,—I was an only son. With me, if I died unmarried, would perish the ancient line of the Spencers of Speynings. Speynings itself would pass to another branch of the family who bore another name. There would be no more Spencers of Speynings, but Hursts of Speynings. The alliteration would be destroyed, and the charm broken. From the time I was at college the necessity which imposed marriage on me had been dinned into my ears. Entire freedom of choice was granted me within the following limits. My bride must be well educated, well principled, and well born. If she were rich it was well, but wealth was not indispensable.

To fulfill this laudable purpose my mother carefully and successively invited all the eligible young ladies of the neighborhood to stay at Speynings on long periodical visits during my vacations. She made it a pretext that a ward of hers who lived with us was in want of a companion in her rides and drives and walks. It was natural that Fanny Egerton should require more lively companions than an old woman like herself. My mother did not do herself justice. In the first place she was not an old woman; in the next, as Fanny confided to me, she was far more agreeable as a companion than any girl in the neighborhood. However, Fanny had sufficient tact not to appear contradictory. She allowed it to be supposed that sharing her daily drive, for a week at a time, with blue-eyed Laura Conyers was pleasant, though Laura was more dull than a fashionable novel; she played duets with exemplary patience with Emma Danvers, who was music-mad; and she would ride for hours with Nora Compton, who was a Die Vernon as regards equestrian exploits. Poor Fanny! she would willingly have exchanged the society of these damsels in their most mirthful moods to have had one half hour's conversation with my mother—and she was right. It was the most pleasant companionship in the world. Unlike most elderly women, my mother had retained a liveliness of imagination, a buoyancy of temper, a youth of heart, that neither age, delicate health, nor a life chequered by many trials could dim or chill. In all the essential attributes of youth she was young.

I have often thought that my disinclination to marry, the imperviousness with which I bore feminine attacks on my peace, were derived from the charms of my home. Fanny's liveliness, my mother's tender and sympathetic indulgence, gave life a sweetness at Speynings which left me nothing to wish for.

I had travelled on the continent; I had seen the most beautiful women in Paris, Vienna, and Rome. I had been in love, as in duty bound, at each place, but none of these inclinations had led me to take the inevitable step. No woman had inspired me with that feeling which is, I think, inseparable from a real love, the yearning for a home shared with the woman one loves. I never longed to see Leonie de Fierville's face at breakfast, and I never returned from a long mountain expedition while I was in Italy with any wish that on my return I could see the smile of Fiamma Altoviti illuminating my hearth. As to Adelheid Falkenstein, I always drew my breath more freely out of her imperial and exacting presence, though I was such an adoring slave while in it.

Nor did I, that pleasant morning, after my two years' travels, when I came down to breakfast, and saw my mother's eyes sparkle as I entered, and heard Fanny's joyous voice bid me good morning, retain the faintest recollection of Leonie's bright eyes, the faultless profile of Fiamma, or the Zenobia bearing of Adelheid.

Fanny was in her riding-habit, and I could not help smiling when I found, in the course of conversation, that she was going to invite Nora Compton to spend a few days with us. It was too early, I thought, but I offered to accompany her; and immediately afterwards the horses were brought round and we mounted.

"I cannot understand, Fanny," said I, as we rode along, "why my mother thinks it necessary to spoil our comfortable trio by the admission of a fourth. Surely you have no pleasure in talking to a rough, noisy girl like Nora."

"A certain degree of pleasure, for I like her; but I should not wish to invite her for my own sake, but your mother wishes it, and that is enough for me. Besides, I sometimes think I am too much for her: she is so very delicate, Hubert; more so than formerly—have you not noticed it?"

My heart sunk; I *had* observed it, but attributed the paler cheek, the slighter figure, to the inevitable progress of time, not to any increase of illness.

Fanny saw I was moved, and changed the conversation.

"Do you think Nora handsome?"

"Handsome?"

"Surely she is handsome with those beautiful features and complexion, and that smooth black hair folded round her head like black satin."

"Possibly," I said, indifferently; "suppose we canter now."

We arrived. I remember as I walked through the hall my spur caught against a child's toy which had been carelessly left there, and I nearly fell.

"I am sorry," exclaimed Fanny, "for I see by this toy Mrs. Villars is arrived."

I did not ask her to explain herself, for at this moment we entered the drawing-room.

CAPE RACE, NEWFOUNDLAND.

Cape Race, the southern extremity of the island of Newfoundland, lies in lat. 46 degs. 40 mins. north, and long. 55 degs. west of Greenwich. It is a promontory of considerable importance to navigators, as it is the nearest point of America to Europe, being only 1,636 miles distant from Ireland, which is little more than half the distance of New York from Liverpool. All the north transatlantic steamers between the United States and the United Kingdom pass this cape, which has, however, lost some of the importance which attached to it as one of the telegraphic stations, owing to the failure of the submarine electric cable from Valentia, in Ireland, to St. John's, Newfoundland. Our engraving is taken from the New York Illustrated News.

Mrs. Villars was the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Compton. She was a widow. She had been married before I went to college, and had been a widow two years. I had never seen her.

We entered the room. By the window sat a lady; she had a child on her knee, and was stooping down over him, showing him a picture book; her fair wavy hair fell so low down on her cheek I could not distinguish her features, but the outline of the bending figure was grace itself. Such undulating, willowy lines are seldom seen in an English figure.

The next moment Nora rushed in, and introduced me to her sister, Mrs. Villars. The lady looked up and bowed. What a lovely face! The eyes were large and bright, violet-colored, with brown eyelashes; the mouth was rather wide, but very red, and set in curves of arch and "*folatre*" meaning; the cheek was dimpled and rounded like a young girl's; but the brow was thoughtful, and under the eye were lines which showed that girlhood was put away, and that a woman's cares had commenced.

While Nora laughed and talked to Fanny, who was somewhat absent and fidgety, so at least it seemed to me, I had full leisure to contemplate the enchanting picture before me. The child so effectually occupied its mother, that she could not speak to any one else, and it was best for me. How could I have talked at such a moment?

It seems cynical to remark it, but I have observed that a pretty woman is never so kind and complaisant to her child as before strangers. Not as may be vulgarly imagined to exalt their opinion of her maternal love, but that a winsome form never takes such little attitudes as in the tender caresses and struggles, half play and half affection, which take place on such occasions. A romping child rumples the hair, and displays most unconsciously its bright waving luxuriance, or drags up a sleeve and exhibits a round white arm, or (profane imp!) nestles in a throat which is white as a swan's; and all these accidents add much to the impression made by a beautiful woman.

Mrs. Villars was quite aware of these advantages, and failed not to make use of them. Only for a short time, however. The child was tenderly caressed and then dismissed.—She turned to me.

"Those young ladies seem to have so much to converse about, Mr. Spencer, that perhaps you will have time to walk with me round the garden. I will show you the improvements."

She took up carelessly a veil of black lace which was on the table, threw it lightly over her head, and passed out through the verandah into the garden.

Heavens! how beautiful she was! How much more lovely is the beauty of some women than that of others. Fanny was remarkably pretty, a fair Saxon-looking girl; Nora's face and figure were celebrated; what was it that gave Mrs. Villars, whose features were more irregular, whose complexion was far less youthful, her peerless and transcendant beauty? They might please, she charmed. Long study and natural grace gave her manners and appearance the most exquisite softness. To this was added a low, musical voice, sufficient intelligence to know exactly what to say and what to leave unsaid, and more tact than I have ever seen in any other woman. It was this which attracted all who came within reach of her influence. Nature had endowed her with that organization at once flexible and strong, such as we only see in the feline race, and with it she had the same sportive and graceful pliancy. Her head was low and broad; prenologists would have pronounced it of that shape which gives most scope to the organs of caution and acquisitiveness, but it was not depressed at the temples; the sympathetic and perceptive part of our faculties was well though less powerfully represented. This is the type which from time immemorial belongs to the women who enchant men. The Lamia type. But this is a digression.

I walked with Mrs. Villars in the garden; she pointed out to me the changes and improvements in the gardens and shrubberies of the Grange, and floated rather than trod through the green enclosures and over the raised lawn. Her little boy, who had come down again, fluttered by us; I heard the merry laughter of the two girls in the drawing-room; there was something unutterably fragrant in the flowers, and it seemed to me as if a bit of Paradise had fallen from the skies into this lonely squire's house in Devonshire. She spoke, but I was monosyllabic in my answers. I could enjoy, but could not speak. At last Fanny ran out. Her quick step grated on my ears.

"I have ordered the horses, Hubert," she said; "I cannot stay longer."

"When does Miss Compton come?"

"Not yet, she says—"

"Do not let her delay her visit on my account," said Mrs. Villars, in her rich melancholy voice. "Mamma and I will take care of each other."

"No, another time will do just as well."

Fanny shook hands with Mrs. Villars, and bade her adieu. I noticed there was something aggressive in the manner of both. I had a sort of desperate feeling that I could not say good-bye without leaving some door open, making some opportunity by means of which I could return sooner than it would have been otherwise decorous to do. How wildly my thoughts flew from point to point as we advanced to the horses, my very eagerness to effect my purpose confusing me and distracting me as to the choice of means. I stammered, I hesitated. I began a hundred sentences without finishing any. At last Mrs. Villars, as if she penetrated my wish and kindly sought to gratify it, said:

"One of my first visits will be to Mrs. Spencer, but as it may be some days before I can go, will you ask her to send me the flower-seeds she promised me the last summer I was here?"

I could have fallen down and kissed her feet. "I will bring them to-morrow," I said to myself, but I only bowed and took leave. I mounted Fanny, and then, as we rode slowly on through the park, turned back and caught a last glimpse of the floating white dress and of the black veil over the shining hair.

Fanny and I were silent as we rode home. She, poor child, had commenced talking, but finding her efforts at conversation entirely unavailing had desisted. I was grateful to her. I did not desire to break through the silence, filled with enchanted reveries in which I had wrapped myself away from the past and the present, and which with a golden mist enveloped the future. When we reached Speynings, Fanny went at once into the house, but I loitered till dinner time among the terraces. It was late when I entered. The glorious vision which the air and sunshine had called forth had faded into the twilight.

I found my mother and Fanny together. My mother looked a little serious and a little disappointed.

"I am so sorry Nora cannot come," she said.

"Her visit is only delayed," I answered, indifferently; "by-the-by, Mrs. Villars asked me to remind you of some flower-seeds you promised her."

"Yes, Fanny has told me: I will send them to-morrow to the Grange."

There was no more to be said. I had so established my reputation as a declared enemy to morning visits that I could not offer to take them. I was silent and thoughtful. When I looked up I found my mother's eyes fixed most earnestly on me.

My mother was not at all handsome. She could not have been so even in her youthful days. The only remarkable—and by remarkable I do not mean beautiful—feature in her face was her eyes. Neither in color nor shape could they be called pretty. They were pale blue, and somewhat small, though bright, but the expression was peculiar. Usually they had a frank, intelligent expression, as innocent and confiding as the look of a tame bird, but at times they deepened into the most startling intentness. Stendahl tells us that in the East there is a tradition which refers to this singular power in the eyes. The Arabs say that when the angels walked the earth among the sons and daughters of men, they knew each other under their mortal garb by this peculiar glance. Most women's eyes betray their sex either by a veiled or a conscious look. My mother's eyes were sexless. They had not more softness than would have become a man's, they had not more fire than might have flashed from a woman's. At this moment they were prophetic.

People talk of the wonders of mesmerism, of spiritual manifestation through gifted mediums: what can be more wonderful than the intuitive knowledge which we sometimes obtain of the feelings of another? It is as certain as if she had spoken, that my mother did not like Mrs. Villars, and would disapprove of my cultivating an intimacy with her.

"Why do you not like Mrs. Villars?" I asked, pursuing my own thoughts, unconscious of the abruptness of my remark. It tallied, however, too much with her own secret thoughts to seem abrupt. Fanny blushed scarlet, my mother turned pale.

"Why should you think we dislike Mrs. Villars?"

"Do you mean to say I am mistaken?"

"You have almost obtained second sight if you can read my thoughts in that way. I will not say I dislike Mrs. Villars, for I scarcely know her. She left the Grange very young, when her parents went abroad, and returned twelve years afterwards a married woman. She visited her parents rarely, and this is the first time I have ever had the opportunity of seeing her. She arrived about six months ago. Yet by that freemasonry which reveals one woman to another, I should say she was a dangerous person."

"From her marvellous beauty?—I agree with you."

"Marvellous beauty!" exclaimed Fanny. "She has not a good feature in her face except her eyes. She is not young, and looks absolutely plain sometimes."

My lips curled at this feminine jealousy.

"I think her looks variable," said my mother, "but I do not deny that she is at times wonderfully beautiful. But her beauty is dangerous, for she is artful, selfish, and cold-hearted. I should be sorry if any one I loved loved her, for that love, under the happiest circumstances, would only lead to disappointment and misery."

"My dear mother," said I, taking her hand, "it is very well for Fanny to speak disparagingly of her friend's sister; it may proceed from a disinterested jealousy on her friend's account—but you?"

"Did you think I spoke from jealousy?" and something of scorn passed over her face. It was instantly checked, and with a caressing motion habitual to her she passed her hand over my cheek, and said, tenderly, "My dearest, do not think me prejudiced; I am quite willing you should judge for yourself. I will call on Mrs. Villars to-morrow."

I was so confident of my power, so certain that if it were in human possibility to grant me a wish my mother would have moved heaven and earth to do it, that I did not feel particularly flattered at my triumph. I was too much accustomed to her indulgence, and too much spoilt by it, not to take this proof—heaven knows I had daily and hourly proofs of it—with the most passive indifference. I left the room; I wished to be alone to distinguish what was in my heart. "I adore my mother," I thought, "and I love Fanny; but there is a point beyond which they cannot step. It is folly to think that after having seen Mrs. Villars once I can have other feelings for her but admiration, but that admiration belongs to an order of sensations over which no human being can have the least control. I have nothing to do with their measurement of her value, or they with my appreciation of her worth. I feel that she and I are in a region beyond their reach. I will never name her again." The very tenor of these reflections ought to have convinced me that I was entering a perilous path, but I was unconscious of it—I was dazzled, besotted, blind.

Beloved as I was by my mother, few sons had actually lived so little with a parent. I had been taken abroad when a child, and sent to my father, who resided there. He had been separated from my mother soon after my birth.

There had been a great disparity in position between my parents. He was the second son of a second son of a good country family, and connected with the peerage. She was the daughter of a wealthy farmer. My father was staying in the neighborhood of her home, studying with a private tutor. As I have said, she could never have been beautiful, or even pretty. She was tall, thin, fair, but her figure was ordinary, her face freckled. She possessed no luxuriance of bloom to deck out ordinary features, yet some great charm she must have possessed, for he fell desperately in love with her, and for that love braved the displeasure of his parents and married her. Both her friends and his were equally displeased at the match. Her father, who had always been harsh and unkind to her, for no fault of hers but that she was a girl instead of a boy, disinherited her for this act, and for thus having abandoned her own sphere and her own people for a penniless sprig of nobility. His friends excommunicated him for having mixed the blue blood of the Spencers with this plebeian source, where there was not even the excuse of beauty to palliate his folly.

I remember my father well. He was very handsome; fine features, a dark, clear complexion, beautiful curly hair, patrician hands and feet, and manners which were perfection. But never did a more ornamented casket contain a more thorough bit of tinsel. It seems unfilial to say so, but this impression is indelible. With him my childhood was unhappy, my boyhood miserable, and the faults which have cursed my manhood are, I must believe, owing to his neglect. I was never the object of his care, or the subject of his discipline. My selfishness was encouraged by his, and his example fostered my weakness in right, and my obstinacy in wrong. If he did not "write like an angel, and talk like poor Poll," he talked as a man of the most exquisite sensibility, and acted with a hardness which was almost fabulous. I never could imagine what had at first attracted him to my mother. I could understand her better; she was young, left to herself, and without a mother. Thrown into the the society of a young man of great personal beauty, his refined manners, and apparently noble character, seemed the realized ideal of her fairest imaginations. She was well edu-

cated, and solitude had deepened and exalted her character. He saw the impression he had made, and at first had probably no other intention than to beguile the time which his father had obliged him to devote to study, but as is inevitable in the association of human beings, the stronger truer character attained ascendancy over the feeble, false one. He had sufficient intelligence to see that this young woman possessed a truth and simplicity of disposition, a warmth of heart, and a magnanimity of character which was as rare as it was precious. The great power of her love magnetized him, and for a while his weak nature wore an aspect which seemed worthy of hers. They married, and were disowned by their relations.

At first they lived in obscure lodgings in London. Soon after marriage the two characters began to feel the wide gulf between them. Adversity is a great test. Selfishness, hard-heartedness, and falsehood were mated to generosity, tenderness and truth. Had the wife possessed a particle of artifice, she might perhaps have maintained for a short time longer her power over him, but she was totally devoid of it. She was frank to a fault. Her intelligence was keen enough to detect the hollowness of the love offered to her, and the recoil was proportionate to the love she had given. He said his home was wretched, and acted on this assertion by abandoning it, two months before my birth, in company with a French actress, with whom he went to Italy.

His uncle, on hearing this last *escapade* of his worthless nephew, came up to town to see the poor deserted young wife. He became, as all who knew her became, strongly attached to her, and furious against her husband. He was an eccentric but clever man, and understood that the *mesalliance* which had caused such a storm in his brother's family was, in fact, on the side of the noble, affectionate heart which had given its pure gold for such vile metal.

He was the head of the Spencers, had married a rich heiress, and had no family. With the exception of Speynings, which he could not alienate, he had the power of leaving his property where he pleased. He and his wife took my mother home with them, and supplied to her the place of the husband who had deserted her and the father who had disinherited her. At his death he left all he was possessed of to her, with the exception of an annuity to my father, to be paid to him on condition of his never returning to England or claiming Speynings; and he made an arrangement with my grandfather to allow my mother to reside there, and to administer the estate in trust for me, but only to be my heritage after her death. She was free to marry again, should she become a widow, and even the bequest to me was limited to her pleasure.—My uncle died when I was five years old.—When my father heard of the will his rage knew no bounds, and his first act was an unpardonable one. Actuated by the most iniquitous spirit of revenge, and knowing how my mother was wrapped up in me, he sent for me. Law was on his side, and I was yielded up to him.

His next step was inspired by the same evil spirit, but the consequences were less fatal. The French actress had long left him, and he had devoted his leisure time to painting, for which he had some talent. He was at Vienna when my uncle died. He immediately burnt his palette and brushes, and, as the greatest mortification he could inflict upon the family who had so injured him, joined a house of business in Vienna. The name of Spencer was seen attached to two Jewish names, and figured among the Co. of a mercantile firm. His speculations were fortunate, and he became rich. He did not, however, long enjoy his wealth. He died when I was about fourteen. By his will, I was not to inherit a farthing of his property till I was five-and-twenty. The money was not to be touched till then by me, or for my use, but reserved for the purposes of the house of business till that time, when I was to make my choice of joining it or of realizing my fortune and leaving it. Till then I was dependent for everything on my mother, but I was only to reside with her during alternate holidays, and I was to travel for two years before I was twenty-one.

This spirit of animosity, which died but with his death, was an acute grief to my poor mother, but she was obliged to submit. She loved me passionately as the pulse of her life—the idol of her being—and I loved her, or rather thought I loved her, devotedly. My neglected childhood had made me delicate and sickly, and the languor of ill-health made me appear to her partial eyes of a gentler, finer character than I really was. I was like my father in person, but apparently of a more affectionate disposition, and of a sweeter temper. In me and my future she garnered up every hope, and centred every dream of life. My poor, poor mother!

CHAPTER II.

THE WOMAN I LOVED—MARIAN.

The next morning I refused to accompany my mother and Fanny when they announced that they were going to take the flowerseeds to Mrs. Villars. Fanny looked innocently pleased, but I could not deceive my mother. She sighed and drew down her veil, and gave the order to drive on.

It was about an hour afterwards that I heard the sound of wheels coming up the avenue. From the couch on which I sat near the library window I could command a view of the approach to the house. I was reading Browning's "Pretty Woman," and was dreaming over the line—

All the face composed of flowers—

as a pony carriage came in sight. It was Mrs. Villars and her little boy. She was driving herself, and I had the satisfaction of observing her inimitable grace as she drove up to the door. The servant informed her, I suppose, his mistress was out, for after a pause and a glance up at the different windows, she drove off. I unconsciously and mechanically followed. I could have given no reason why, but I found myself at the lodge gate as she drew up before it. I was out of breath from the speed with which I had crossed the lawn and meadows by a direct path, while she had driven round the circuitous one.

She stopped instantly.

"I have called on your mother," she said; "mamma sent me off this morning with a message to Mrs. Spencer. To console Nora for not coming here, I was to ask Mrs. Spencer if she could spare Miss Egerton to us for a few days."

"My mother will be sorry to have missed you, for she has gone to the Grange this morning."

"I am very sorry; but if I make haste, I may perhaps overtake her."

She whipped her little ponies with great energy; but whether they resented this peremptoriness or disliked the previous pause, or from what other cause, I know not, after a little preliminary fretting and consulting with each other, they commenced a series of kicks and plunges which threatened destruction to the little carriage, and imminent danger to its occupants. I sprang over the fence which separated the field from the road, and held the horses' heads while the groom lifted out the child and Mrs. Villars, who seemed almost too frightened to stir. After a little discipline, alternated with a little soothing, the ponies became quiet; but she would not get in again.

"I am not afraid for myself," she said, "but for Harry, Mr. Spencer."

She looked pale, and her sweet face was turned imploringly to me.

"But can you walk three miles?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, and I dare say I shall meet with some one who will carry Harry if he gets tired. Shall I ask the man here?"

I smiled, for I knew the lodgekeeper was out, and that the duty must devolve on me. I explained this, and, with many apologies for taking up my time, she consented to avail herself of my escort.

The groom, looking very black, and muttering observations which did not sound complimentary to Mrs. Villars's mode of driving, was sent home with the little carriage. He was evidently jealous for the reputation of his horses, and this unwonted exhibition of self-will on their part he attributed to some provocation given intentionally to them. For my part, I blessed them.

What a walk that was! How much in the sudden intimacy which the circumstances produced she told me of herself, her position—suggested, rather than told, but impressing it only the more forcibly on my imagination. She had travelled with her parents, from the age of twelve, and had resided many years in Italy. This explained something piquant and uncommon in her speech and manner, which is only to be found in the effect of foreign life upon some English constitutions, and accounted for the grace and expression with which our language fell from her lips; the enchanting tones gave something of southern warmth and richness to our cold northern idiom. The "Harry" to her child was like a drop of dew falling from a rose. The elder brother had died of consumption abroad.—Her parents had been induced to remain in Italy, for fear of the same complaint manifesting itself in her. A short time before their return she married Mr. Villars. Not a word of complaint passed her lips; but her marriage had evidently not been a happy one. What circumstances had led to the marriage she did not mention, but I inferred it was not the choice of her heart. There evidently had been repression, suffering, and isolation in her fate. A long illness of her husband had terminated fatally, and she had found herself a widow two years before. I thus met with her free, but almost destitute. She had accepted her mother's invitation to spend some time with her, as soon as her husband's affairs had been wound up, and she had now been residing some time at the Grange.

By the time we had reached it my heart was in a tumult of pity, love, sympathy for the graceful victims beside me.

The arrival of the carriage without her daughter had alarmed Mrs. Compton, and our arrival was hailed by her with the greatest joy. I had saved her daughter's life, for thus she exaggerated the simple service I had done her; and she therefore welcomed me with the most overflowing demonstrations of delight. She would not hear of my going home for dinner. I remained. Mrs. Villars was less demonstrative than her mother, but her manners wore an appearance of gentle gratitude, which was precious beyond words to me. I did not feel that this was the second time I had seen her, but as if all my life had tended to this acquaintance, and had been a preparation for it; so that my love sprang to life vigorous, eager, mature.

In the evening Mrs. Villars sang. She chose some simple Neapolitan songs. Her voice was of that vibrating and rich tone which gives such effect to those wild, racy melodies. She had twisted some jessamine in her hair, which suited well the chastened softness of her mien. But indeed that graceful head would have looked equally lovely adorned by a wreath of flowers or a bandeau of diamonds. When I left the Grange I was engaged to drive with Mrs. Compton the next day to Raynham Abbey, an interesting ruin about nine miles off, which the families of the neighborhood visited as an object for a day of pleasure, or for a gay picnic when they had friends staying with them.

My walk home by moonlight that night I shall never forget. Picture to yourself the moving pageant of a Roman triumph, the banners, the music, the strange adjuncts, all harmonizing with, and at the same time adding a glory to the victorious central figure, and you will have an idea of what my feelings were, and with what jubilant ecstasy they surrounded and bore up, as it were, the image of Marian Villars. It seemed like exchanging victory for defeat when I left the luminous meadows over which I had passed on my way from the Grange, and entered the shadowy gloom of the avenue which led to Speynings. It was still early, and I thought I saw a light in my mother's room, but I did not go in as usual.

I had a deep conviction that in this turning point of my life I should not find sympathy in the heart which hitherto had never denied it to me. It was a fatal error.

The next morning's early engagement prevented my breakfasting at home. I had only a moment to read my letters and say good morning to my mother and Fanny: and thus, in the most unconscious and accidental manner, many days passed.

What was thought of these perpetual absences I never paused to inquire. I was floating down a stream too softly and smoothly to be aware of the rapidity with which I was borne upon it. Three weeks after I had first seen Mrs. Villars, I was desperately, passionately in love with her, and a wall seemed to have arisen between me and the inmates of my home. Nothing had been said, nothing done; I never named her name to them, nor was she named to me. The usual tenor of life went on both at the Grange and at Speynings, but visits between the ladies of the two houses became rarer and rarer. A voluminous correspondence was carried on betwixt Norah and Fanny, and that was all.

I had noticed that, since my return, Fanny, though always pleasant and good-natured, had avoided me almost pertinaceously. At any other time this would have piqued me, but now it rather suited me. There was something very childlike in Fanny; in my boyhood her archness and simplicity had sometimes delighted, sometimes tormented me. When a lad is advancing to manhood the raillery of a lively innocent girl is often a positive nuisance to him. My sentimentality was wont to divert Fanny extremely, and was the cause of unfailing quarrels between us; but when I became older I assumed, in virtue of my five years' seniority, a protective and paternal manner, which was an effectual shield against her; I treated her as a little girl, and she was so slight and small for her age, that it did not seem as absurd as it was, to do so.

On my return I found her grown and developed in person. Very pretty she always had been, but she was now rounding into blooming womanhood, and to most men would have been singularly attractive. To me, however, she would still have been the girl to be patronized and kept at a distance, had I not found, on my return, there was no chance of the old familiar jests and games. She was still "Fanny," and I was still "Hubert;" but in all else our intercourse was changed. It was she who was reserved, and I could not establish the old fraternal familiarity.

My vanity would at any other time have whispered a flattering reason, but I was soon too much pre-occupied to reflect on the cause of the change, though I noticed the change itself. I remember, one day, at the Grange, that Mrs. Compton noticed how changed Miss Egerton was.

"She is quite a quiet, silent girl now, and she used to be so lively and clever," was her remark.

Nora was in the room, and she looked at me with a strange pertinacity in her look, and the color deepened in her face.

I was silent; I heard, but was too absorbed in watching Mrs. Villars, who was writing a letter, to reply.

She looked up, and said, smiling:

"Remember, mamma, that Miss Egerton is just at that awkward age of transition between a child and a girl, which some natures find it so awkward to pass through. If she gives way to her natural—what shall I call it?—love of fun, she fears she would be thought a little girl, and she has not yet learned the art of young-lady loveliness. Very few girls are sensible grown women from their cradles, like you, Nora dear."

Nora did not seem to appreciate the compliment, and curled her lip, but she was silent. But I ask any candid person if Mrs. Villars's remark, kind and considerate as it seemed, was not very disenchanting to its subject. It divested Fanny's timid retiringness of any charm whatever to treat it as pure awkwardness.

No doubt the conversation was reported to Fanny by Nora, and she became more and more still and taciturn in my presence. All the nameless little charms which a woman so prettily displays when she has a confidence in herself that she does please, are shut up and curled away ruthlessly when she feels she is not done justice to. The sea-anemone, with its delicate coloring and exquisite form, rising to the surface of the water, is not more different from the gelatinous and coagulated lump which sinks to the bottom of the pool, than the woman who knows she is admired and the same woman when she feels she is not.

My mother loved Fanny too much to "prefer" her to me; but she felt somewhat impatient at my utter blindness to a beauty which was acknowledged by all, and my insensibility to the sweetness of a nature entirely truthful and profoundly affectionate. This impatience was rarely manifested, but when it was, it did Fanny disservice; it hardened me against her, and excited me to think that my mother's jealousy for her protegee rendered her unjust to Mrs. Villars's attractions.

Almost daily I found myself in the beautiful little morning-room at the Grange, alone with Marian Villars. The child playing in and out of the room took of from the feeling of our being left alone; at the same time, for all intents and purposes, we were alone. They were mornings over which the primal air of Eden seemed to blow. We did not speak much, but there was the most perfect accord in all which we said. The modest intelligence, the graceful imagination, the refined taste, rather betrayed than shown, completed the impression made by a beauty which I have never seen equalled. I watched her moving about the room, "a spirit, yet a woman too," diffusing light as it seemed to me, by the mere fact of her presence, and drank deeper and deeper of the fatal cup which she held out to me.

She usually dressed in the lightest colors, generally in white, and the fair hair was always arranged with the most careless simplicity, sometimes gathered up into a net, but usually allowed to wave loosely round her face, "*elle etait plus femme que les autres femmes*," and this constituted her principal charm. Very young girls are so unconscious, that they become almost sexless, and often jar or grate on the very feelings they excite. Women of her own age, if clever or beautiful, are apt to oppress one; we feel we do not sway them, we are swayed by them, and are tempted to revolt against them. She contrived to combine the pliant temper of girlhood with the serene suavity of maturity. I went with her to visit the poor; she was the administratix of her mother's charities. It touched my heart to see her dispensing consolation, giving alms, bestowing advice, and gliding like a moonbeam into their dark and miserable dwellings. My mother and Fanny were also the Lady Bountifuls of the village near which they dwelt; but somehow, their benefactions had never inspired me with the feelings of approbation for them, or the compassion for their protegees that I felt now.

There were two shadows, however, on this bright picture. One was, that I never advanced, as it were. A friendly, almost affectionate intimacy by words and manner, but nothing beyond. Her looks spoke a different language. Often and often have I met her eyes fixed on mine with a glance which seemed to reveal a world of inexpressible tenderness, yearning, regret; then she would blush, and look away, as soon as she was conscious of my observation, and there would be nothing more. True, she allowed me a large portion of her society, but I could build no hopes on this sufferance, for it seemed the effect of chance.

The other was the subtle almost imperious influence which seemed to separate me from my home. She scarcely spoke of it, never certainly unkindly, yet I always felt when I left her a secret feeling of irritation against them. I felt it was scarcely becoming a man of my age (I was twenty-two) not to live in a house of my own: that my mother took advantage of her excessive love to keep me in a state of tutelage; that, like all mothers, she was foolishly jealous; that, in seeking my happiness, she was resolved that that happiness should be derived from her as from its only source. It would be difficult to explain how these impressions were made: a word suggested a train of thought which led to this feeling, but the word, judged by itself, was guiltless. A latent ridicule was cast on her and on Fanny—that fine, intangible satire with which one woman knows how to cover another, and which, like dust, changes nothing, but imperceptibly dims the brilliancy and mars the beauty of all which it touches. Certain inconveniences in the mode of living at Speynings were pointed out which made me dissatisfied with it. Hitherto I had been happy there. Few men could command as I did the society of two women more calculated to render a home pleasant. Both were intelligent and lively, and both disposed—one from her deep maternal affection for me, the other from her regard for and docility to the former—to gratify my every wish and anticipate my every desire. But the fear that all boys have that their independence may be tampered with, the consciousness that this strong affection which pervaded my whole being, and was the life of my life, was looked upon with aversion by my mother, was the poison which envenomed my home-happiness, and finally destroyed it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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MORE JOURNALISTIC BLUNDERING.

The London journals appear to have blundered as usual in commenting on the recent contest between the ironsides in Hampton Roads. The *Morning Post*, which is generally considered the organ of Lord Palmerston, says:—

"The *Monitor* has been *constructed on the same principle with (as) the Merrimac, and is the heavier and stronger of the two!*"

The *Post* further informs the English public that the shot which injured the Merrimac came "*not* from the Monitor," but "from the Ericsson's Battery."

The *Times*, for its part, says:—"What armament the *Monitor* actually carried *we have not yet learned.*"

What a precious set of stupids! Such ignorance is only excusable on the supposition that they had not yet received their files of the leading American papers.

Ignorance—we prefer to believe it such, although it has somewhat the appearance of wilful falsehood. It would not have borne out the impression of a rebel "victory," if they had stated that the little Monitor, carrying only *two* guns, and of not much more than one-fourth the weight of the Merrimac, single-handed engaged the rebel champion, and drove her back disabled to Norfolk. Our neighbors of the *Inquirer*, in commenting upon these blunders, quote the following paragraph from a recent number of the *Times*:—"One of the most astonishing characteristics of the American people, is the IGNORANCE which they display in discussing the power and resources of other nations as compared with their own." We may add that if the Americans do display any such "ignorance," considering their English origin, they come by it very fairly.

In view of these repeated blunders of the English journals, the *Pittsburg Dispatch* anticipates something like the following "mess," when the news of the battle of Pittsburg reaches London:—

"Pittsburg, the capital of Alleghany, is located on the Pennsylvania river, at its confluence with the Ohio. The river is navigable for the largest size of line-of-battle ships, but as Wheeling, which is a slave State, and above Pittsburg, is in the hands of the Confederates, none of the Union ships could get down to the fight. Braddock's victory over the French and Indians took place a short distance below Pittsburg. The State of Alleghany, of which Pittsburg is the capital, issued some years since a number of improvement bonds, of which a considerable number is held in England, and we believe the interest has not been paid for some years, and now that her territory has been ravaged by civil war, we suppose the chances for getting it will not be much improved, unless, indeed, Lord Palmerston will make a national question of it."

We consider the above paragraph proof positive that the writer is qualified for a leading position on the *Times*.

GLAD TO HEAR IT.

The Committee of the Pennsylvania Legislature appointed to investigate the frauds said to have been committed by the State officials in the disbursement of the military funds, have made an *unanimous* report, which concludes as follows:—

"There is no evidence which in any way involves any officer of the Government in improper conduct in the disbursement of the funds of the Commonwealth or in providing for the soldiers. On the contrary, the evidence satisfied the committee that in every instance when any wrong was brought to the knowledge of the Executive, prompt measures were taken for its correction.

"The Committee feel it their duty, as well in justice to the Executive as in honor to our noble Commonwealth, to state that, notwithstanding she has placed more men in the field than any other state in the Union, she has put them more promptly and at a less expense per man than either the National Government or any individual state of whose expenditure they have information; and the Committee hesitate not to express their clear judgment that the thanks of the citizens of the Commonwealth are due to the Executive officers for their self-denying and persevering efforts to maintain her honor, and from the citizens of the United States, that by such efforts the Capital of the country was saved from capture by traitors, and the whole country from disgrace."

Glad we are to hear these words. It mortified every true Pennsylvanian to the quick, to think that any of our State authorities could descend to the utter meanness of plundering the country, and enfeebling its defenders, in such an hour of peril. But it now appears that such charges were entirely groundless—so far, at least, as the State officials were concerned; and that where "any wrong was brought to the notice of the Executive, prompt measures were taken for its correction." Pennsylvania may still hold her head erect among her sisters.

SOLDIERS' ALLOTMENTS.

The Allotment Commissioners of the State of New York have issued a circular to the families of the volunteers from that State, containing advice which has an application to all the States, and which we therefore give as follows:—

SOLDIERS' ALLOTMENTS.

As several hundred thousand dollars will be returned this month to the families of volunteers from this State, in the new army allotment checks on the Sub-Treasury of the United States, we request the co-operation of all banks, merchants, and citizens throughout the State to enable these checks to be easily negotiated, and to prevent any attempt to extort a discount upon them.

They are equal in value to demand Treasury Notes, being paid on presentation. Every facility should be given to enable families to realize upon them readily, as thousands of soldiers are waiting to put their names upon allotment rolls if they hear favorable reports from those who have already availed themselves of this mode of remitting. Thus large amounts of money will come home, where it is greatly needed, instead of being wasted in camp, to the great injury of the discipline and health of the troops.

All parties who receive these checks should acknowledge their receipt at once by letter, as many of the soldiers refuse to send money home because the receipt of that already sent has never been acknowledged.

Parties living in the city may pay these checks to the storekeepers with whom they are acquainted as money, deposit them in bank, or, if they prefer, can present them in person at the office of the Sub-Treasurer of the United States, Wall street, near Nassau, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock daily.

The expediency of giving every facility to enable families to realize upon these allotment checks, will commend itself without argument to men engaged in all classes of business. As the above Circular truly says, these checks are "*equal in value to demand Treasury Notes, being paid on presentation.*"—They should therefore pass at their full value everywhere.

A NEW HOTEL.

Another huge hotel is projected in this city. What another hotel is wanted for in these times, we find it difficult to conceive.—The most reasonable explanation that we can think of is that our Western friends have been feeding so full of glory lately—owing to the gallant behaviour of their troops at Fort Donelson, Pea Ridge, Island No. 10, and Pittsburg—that it will take larger buildings than usual to hold them, when they make their regular visits. If we of the East do not also make some ten strikes before long, we shall not be able to converse with them on fair terms when they come on. We have an idea that we could tell a Western man by his walk in these days. One satisfaction, however, we also have, and that is that they are chips off our old block.

A WHALE STORY.

The largest fish story we have seen lately is told of a schooner in the gulf of Manaar, East Indies—time, 23d of September last. A whale got the anchor of the vessel in its mouth, and carried the vessel off bodily. The account, as given by T. J. Riedy, superintendent of Manaar Ferry, says:—

I think the way the whale got entangled must have been when he was feeding, running with his mouth fully extended, when, coming with his under-jaw against the fluke of the anchor, he seized it up, and having turned it up in his mouth, was unable to extricate himself. I do not otherwise see how it could have occurred. The cable got hooked at eight o'clock P. M.; the whale then went off at full speed ahead; he then stopped and whirled us rapidly about; then went on forward again at full fifteen miles an hour, whirling us and pulling us about right and left, and showing himself and spouting every minute; and this continued until one o'clock A. M. From his size I do not think he could have been a grampus, as I feel certain he must have been forty feet in length. He took us N. by N. E. over fifty miles; and at one o'clock A. M., on Saturday morning, the vessel stopped running, when the whale lifted his head out of the water about ten feet, and went off, leaving the anchor drifting. He was hooked five hours, and was nearly dead when the anchor got loose. We then turned the vessel, set sails, and stood in for Paumben Light, which we made by daylight, and continued under sail until we arrived at Talemanar.

The following day the whale is said to have drifted ashore dead at Touderman-aar, at the northern extremity of Ceylon. The story reads as if it were true, and there seems to be nothing absolutely impossible in it. A whale might get an anchor hooked in its mouth, though we cannot say, with Polonius, that "it is very like a whale."

COULD NOT TAKE A JOKE.

The following amusing proof of the inability of the Earl of Shaftesbury to take a joke, occurs in a recent speech on the Lunacy Bill made by that gentleman in the House of Lords. The Earl said:—

"He recollected perfectly well, as showing how little the greatest medical authorities were acquainted with what was going on in the world, that when the sanity or insanity of a lady was in question, he (the Earl of Shaftesbury) was maintaining strongly that she was sane and fully capable of managing herself and her affairs, when a medical gentleman came up to him and said, 'But, my lord, you do not know that that lady has subscribed to the conversion of the Jews!' (*Laughter.*) If that gentleman had been acquainted with the world he would have known that hundreds of thousands of persons of the most sane minds had done the same thing."

The Earl must be perfectly joke-proof. We have known individuals through whose hair it took about ten minutes for a moderately good joke to pass, but such an instance of obtuseness as the Earl's never came within our experience.

WASTE OF POWER.—We see it stated that in the steam engine, as at present constructed, only from one-tenth to one-twenty-fifth the power resulting from the combustion of the coal is made useful. Here is a fine field for inventors and improvers.

GREAT BATTLES.

The following were the numbers and losses at the great European battles mentioned, as quoted by the *N. Y. Tribune*:—

MARENGO—June 14, 1800.
French, under Bonaparte, 32,000.
Austrians, commanded by Melas, 40,000.

	French.	Austrians.
Killed and wounded,	6,000	6,000
Prisoners,	1,000	4,000

AUSTERLITZ—Dec. 2, 1805.
French, under the Emperor Napoleon, 70,000.
Russians and Austrians, commanded by General Kutusoff, the Emperors being present, 90,000.

	French.	Allies.
Killed, wounded and prisoners,	12,000	30,000

ASPERN—May 21 and 22, 1809.
French, commanded by the Emperor Napoleon, 60,000.
Austrians, commanded by the Archduke Charles, 90,000.

	French.	Austrians.
Killed, wounded, and prisoners,	18,000	20,000

WAGRAM—July 5 and 6, 1809.
French, commanded by the Emperor Napoleon, 130,000.
Austrians, commanded by the Archduke Charles, 100,000.

	French.	Austrians.
Killed, wounded and prisoners,	33,000	38,000

NEW ORLEANS—Jan. 8, 1815.
Americans, under Gen. Jackson, 7,000.
English, under Gen. Pakenham, 6,000.

	Americans.	English.
Killed and wounded,	13	1,002

WAVRE AND WATERLOO—June 18, 1815.
French, commanded by the Emperor Napoleon, 75,000.
The Allies, under Wellington and Blucher, 110,000.

	French.	Allies.
Killed and wounded,	38,000	29,500

BUENA VISTA—Feb. 22-23, 1847.
Americans, under Gen. Taylor, 4,000.
Mexicans, under Gen. Santa Anna, 19,000.

	Americans.	Mexicans.
Killed and wounded,	750	2,100

ALMA—Sept. 20, 1854.
Allies, under Marshal St. Arnaud and Lord Raglan, 51,100, viz.: 25,000 French, and 26,100 English.
Russians, under Prince Menchikoff, 50,000.

	Allies.	Russians.
Killed and wounded,	3,100	6,000

INKERMAN—Nov. 5, 1854.
Allies, under Gen. Canrobert and Lord Raglan, 13,000, viz.: 8,000 English and 5,000 French.
Russians, under Gen. Dannenberg, 46,000.

	Allies.	Russians.
Killed and wounded,	4,120	10,500

MONTEBELLO—May 20, 1859.
Allied French and Sardinians, under General Forey, 11,500.
Austrians, under Count Stadion, 25,000.

	Allies.	Austrians.
Killed and wounded,	900	2,000

MAGENTA—June 4-5, 1859.
Allies, under Napoleon III., 110,000 (?).
Austrians, under Marshal Hess, 140,000 (?).

	Allies.	Austrians.
Killed, wounded and prisoners,	3,000 (?)	20,000 (?)

PITTSBURG LANDING—April 6-7, 1862.

National force, 2d day, estimated	40,000
Rebel force, estimated	70,000
National loss, in killed, wounded and missing	7,000
Rebel loss, killed, wounded, and missing, say	10,000

The above estimates as to the recent battle at Pittsburg, are not very reliable. We must wait for the official accounts.

☞ That which in a girl is attractively provoking may in a wife provoke without being attractive.

GREAT VICTORY.

THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG.

THE REBELS FROM CORINTH ATTACK GEN. GRANT AT PITTSBURG LANDING—TWO DAYS' FIGHT—BOTH PARTIES REINFORCED—REBELS DRIVEN BACK WITH GREAT SLAUGHTER.

The correspondent of the Cincinnati Times gives the following account of the Pittsburg battle:—

Our forces were stationed in the form of a semi-circle, the right resting on a point north of Crump's Landing, our centre being in front of the main road to Corinth, and our left extending to the river in the direction of Hamburg, four miles north of Pittsburg Landing.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, 400 men from Gen. Prentiss' Division were attacked by the enemy, half a mile in advance of our lines. Our men fell back on the Twenty-fifth Missouri, swiftly pursued by the enemy.

The advance of the rebels reached Col. Peabody's brigade just as the long roll was sounded and the men were falling into line. The resistance was but short and they retreated under a galling fire until they reached the Second Division.

At 6 o'clock the attack has become general along the entire front of our lines. The enemy, in large force, drove in the pickets of Gen. Sherman's Division, and fell on the Forty-eighth, Seventieth and Seventy-second Ohio regiments. These troops had never before been in action, and being so unexpectedly attacked, made as able a resistance as possible, but were, in common with the forces of Gen. Prentiss, compelled to seek support on the troops immediately in their rear.

At 1 o'clock the entire line of both sides were fully engaged. The roar of cannon and musketry was without intermission from the main centre to a point extending half way down the left wing.

The rebels made a desperate charge on the Fourteenth Ohio Battery, and not being sufficiently sustained by infantry, it fell into their hands. Another severe fight occurred for the possession of the Fifth Ohio Battery, and three of its guns were taken by the enemy.

By 11 o'clock commanders of regiments had fallen, and in some cases not a single field officer remained; yet the fighting continued with an earnestness which showed that the contest on both sides was for "death or victory!" Foot by foot the ground was contested, and finding it impossible to drive back our centre, the enemy slackened their fire and made a vigorous effort on our left wing, endeavoring to outflank and drive it to the river bank. This wing was under Gen. Hurlburt, and was composed of the Fourteenth, Thirty-second, Forty-fourth and Fifty-seventh Indiana, Eighth, Eighteenth and Twenty-fifth Illinois. Fronting its line, however, were the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-seventh and Seventy-seventh Ohio, and Fifth Ohio Cavalry, of Sherman's Division.

For nearly two hours a sheet of fire blazed from both columns, the rebels fighting with a valor that was only equalled by those contending with them. While the contest raged the hottest, the gunboat Tyler passed up the river to a point opposite the enemy and poured in broadsides from her immense guns, greatly aiding in forcing the enemy back. Up to three 3 o'clock, the battle raged with a fury that defies description. The rebels had found their attempts to break our lines unavailing. They had striven to drive in our main column, and finding that impossible, had turned all their strength upon our left. Foiled in that quarter, they now made another attack on our centre, and made every effort to rout our forces before the reinforcements which had been sent for should come up.

At 5 o'clock there was a short cessation in the firing of the enemy, their lines falling back for nearly half a mile. They then suddenly wheeled, and again threw their entire force upon our left wing, determined to make a final struggle in that quarter; but the gunboats Tyler and Lexington poured in their shot thick and fast with terrible effect.

In the meantime Gen. Lew Wallace, who had taken a circuitous route for Crump's Landing, appeared suddenly on the enemy's right wing. In the face of this combination of circumstances, the rebels felt that their enterprize that day was a failure, and as night was approaching, fell back until they reached an advantageous position somewhat in the rear of, yet occupying, the main road to Corinth.

The gunboats continued to send their shell after them until they got out of range.

After a weary watch of several hours of intense anxiety, the advance regiment of Gen. Buell's army appeared on the opposite bank of the river, and the work of crossing the river began, the Thirty-sixth Indiana and Sixty-eighth Ohio being the first to cross, followed by the main portion of Nelson's and Bruce's divisions.

Cheer after cheer greeted their arrival, and they were immediately sent to the advance where they rested on their arms.

All night long steamers were engaged in ferrying Gen. Buell's forces across. When daylight broke it was evident that the rebels, too, had been strongly reinforced.

THE SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

The battle was opened by the rebels at 7 o'clock, from the Corinth road, and in half an hour extended along the whole line.

At 9 o'clock the sound of artillery and musketry fully equalled that of the previous day. The enemy was met by the reinforcements and the still unwearied soldiers of yesterday with an energy they certainly could not have expected. It became evident that they were avoiding the extreme of our left wing, and endeavoring with perseverance and determination to find some weak points by which to turn our forces. They left one point, but returned to it immediately, and then as suddenly, by some masterly stroke of Generalship, directed a most vigorous attack upon some division where they fancied they would not be expected; but the fire of our lines was as steady as clock work, and it soon became evident that the enemy considered the task he had undertaken a hopeless one.

Further reinforcements now began to arrive, and they were posted on the right of the main centre, under Wallace. Gens. Grant, Buell, Nelson, Sherman and Crittenden were everywhere present, directing the movements for a new stroke on the enemy. Suddenly both wings of our army were turned upon the enemy, with the intention of driving them into an extensive ravine. At the same time a powerful battery was stationed in the open field, and poured volley after volley of canister into the rebel ranks.

At 11½ o'clock the roar of the battle shook the earth. The Union guns were fired with all the energy that the prospect of the enemy's defeat inspired, while the rebels' fire was not so vigorous, and they evinced a desire to withdraw.

They finally fell slowly back, keeping up a fire from their artillery and musketry along their whole column, as they retreated. They moved in excellent order, halting at every advantageous point, and delivering their fire with considerable effect. But from all the divisions of our army they were closely pursued, a galling fire being kept upon their rear.

The enemy had now been driven beyond our former lines, and were in full retreat for Corinth, pursued by our cavalry.

The forces engaged on both sides, in this day's battle, are estimated at about 70,000 each.

CAIRO, April 10.—An arrival from Pittsburg says the enemy, in making the first attack on Sunday morning, carried the Stars and Stripes and wore the Union uniforms.—Gen. Bragg is reported killed.

Provisional Governor Johnson, of Kentucky, is wounded and a prisoner.

It is stated that Gen. Prentiss escaped in the confusion of the enemy's retreat on the second day of the fight. Our total loss is about 7,000. This is the estimate of military commanders who were in the engagement.—Of these about 2,000 were taken prisoners, and the balance killed and wounded in the usual proportions.

Colonel Wallace, of Illinois, was reported dead, as it was thought impossible that he could live. He was, however, living on Wednesday, and improving. He was shot back of the ear, the bullet coming out at the nose.

General Halleck passed Cairo to-day, *en route* for Pittsburg.

Every preparation is being made here for the reception of our wounded at Pittsburg.

CHICAGO, April 10.—We are beginning to get some reliable details from the great battle at Pittsburg from several gentlemen who were on the field after the fight. From their statements we gather the following:—

Gen. Prentiss' brigade, consisting of the Sixty-first Illinois, Seventeenth Wisconsin, Twenty-fourth Indiana, and Seventy-first Ohio, were attacked while eating their breakfast, by what seemed to be the entire rebel force. Prentiss had no artillery. His brigade was cut to pieces and forced to retire, and Gen. Prentiss and many of his troops were taken prisoners.

At 12 o'clock the entire line was fiercely engaged, but in full retreat. At 4 o'clock, P. M., the enemy had taken Schwartz's battery of six guns, Dresden's battery of four guns, Waterhouse's battery and also two Ohio batteries, the names of which are not given.

Thousands of our troops had taken refuge under the bank of the river, and utterly refused to fight; in fact, they could not, as the officers and men were mixed in inextricable confusion. The army at this time seemed utterly defeated.

At this juncture, the gun-boats Lexington and Tyler opened a tremendous fire of shot and shell upon the enemy, and kept it up every half hour.

Gen. Prentiss is said to have escaped after being captured. Price and Van Dorn's rebel army from Arkansas is said to have reached the rebel attacking column at Pittsburg during the great battle.

CAIRO, April 11.—The only additional information received to-day from Pittsburg Landing, is that the pursuit of the retreating rebels was kept up but a little distance beyond the position of our advance previous to the battle.

The Latest Account from Union Sources.

CINCINNATI, April 12.—The Pittsburg, Tennessee, correspondent of the Gazette, says:—

The sum and substance of the battle is, that on Sunday we were pushed from disaster to disaster, till we lost every division camp we had, and were driven within half a mile of the Landing, when the approach of night, the timely arrival and aid of the gunboats, the tremendous efforts of our artillerists, and General Buell's approach saved us.

On Monday, after nine hours' hard fighting, we simply regained what we had lost on Sunday. Not a division advanced half a mile beyond our old camps on Monday, except Gen. Lew Wallace's command.

The lowest estimates place our loss in killed and wounded at three thousand, and in prisoners from three to four thousand.

The rebel loss in killed and wounded was probably ten thousand.

The rebels in their retreat left acres covered with their dead, whom they had carried to the rear. They destroyed the heavy supply trains they had brought up.

THE REBEL ACCOUNTS.

We have rebel accounts of the Sunday fight, but none of the Monday. They say that Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston fell at half-past two o'clock. One of his legs was torn by a shell, and a minie ball struck him in the body.

They further say:—We are driving them (the National forces) back on the river, and shall kill or capture the entire army. The battle is still raging with terrible fury. We have captured Gen. Prentiss and a large number of officers.

General Beauregard now commands the army. He says this is a second Manassas fight.

Gen. Bushrod Johnson, one of the Fort Donelson prisoners, who subsequently escaped, is wounded.

GEN. McCLELLAN BEFORE YORKTOWN.

Information received in the Union camp estimates the rebel forces at 60,000 men, with nearly 500 guns. They have also several steamers and transports which can carry reinforcements to them in an emergency. General Joseph Johnson, the commander of the Department of Virginia, has arrived and taken command of the troops, who are said to be the "flower" of the rebel army. In consequence of the unfavorable weather, General McClellan's column has not been in a condition for several days to commence the attack, and no doubt before that time the rebels will have 100,000 men. But our troops are confident of victory, and desire to emulate the bravery and endurance of their brethren of the West, the news of the glorious victories at Island No. 10 and Pittsburg Landing having been communicated to them. They have determined to reach Richmond, and WILL DO IT, though the obstacles were twice as formidable.

The rebels have extended a line of entrenchments clear across the narrow peninsula, and have concentrated the greater part of their army of the Potomac there to defend it, so that McClellan has to go through all the slow and wearisome details of regular approaches and scientific attack.

Our troops occupy all Virginia north of the Rappahannock and Rapidan, and their lines are established along the whole north bank of those rivers. The pickets of the enemy are seen on the opposite banks, but refugees and contrabands report that the main body of the enemy has fallen back to Richmond.

ADVANCE TO HUNTSVILLE, ALA.—Washington, April 12.—The Secretary of War has received information that Huntsville, Ala., was occupied yesterday, by Gen Mitchell, without much resistance being offered. Two hundred prisoners were taken, and fifteen locomotives and a large amount of rolling stock captured. Huntsville is on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, about fifteen miles south of the Tennessee boundary, and forty-five miles east of Florence.

☞ Franklin said a Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.

CONGRESS.

President Lincoln's resolution relative to emancipation was amended so as to read the United States (in stead of Congress) should afford aid, &c.

The Senate bill, appropriating a million of dollars for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and a hundred thousand for colonizing them, was taken up in the House and read for the first time.

The question occurring on its second reading, Mr. Vallandigham (Ohio) objected.

In case of an objection being made to the second reading of a bill, the rule requires the question to be put—"Shall the bill be rejected?"

The question was accordingly put, and decided in the negative—yeas 45, nays 93.

The bill was then read a second time, and referred to the Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union—the rules requiring all bills making appropriations to be thus referred for consideration.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—On the 11th the Bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was passed, after a short debate, by yeas 93, nays 39. Two members from the Border Slave States voting aye.

PACIFIC RAILROAD AND TELEGRAPH BILL.—The House recently resolved itself into Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union, Mr. Dawes (Mass.) in the Chair, on the Pacific Railroad and Telegraph Bill, as reported by Mr. Campbell (Pa.,) from the Select Committee on that subject.

Mr. Campbell advocated the construction of the road as a military and commercial necessity, and referred to facts and figures to show that large amounts could be saved the Government by this means of intercommunication. This bill, after careful consideration, was reported with the unanimous consent of the Committee. They took for their basis the bill heretofore reported by General Curtis. While it preserves the middle route, it repudiates both the Southern extreme and the Northern routes. It contemplates two branches, meeting with the main trunk, which is to be located within three hundred miles west from the Missouri river.

The bill authorizes certain existing railroad companies to connect with these branch roads, with the co-operation of the corporators named in the bill. The Secretary of the Treasury is required, on the completion of any forty consecutive miles of the railroad and telegraph, to issue to the company bonds of one thousand dollars each, payable in thirty years after date, bearing 6 per cent. interest—to the amount of sixteen of said bonds per mile. Lands are to be granted, etc. After explaining all its provisions, Mr. Campbell appealed to the gentlemen to give to the bill their careful consideration, as is demanded by its great public importance.

The Committee then rose.

THE TAX BILL.—The tax on slaves of $2 a head, was defeated by yeas 51, nays 75.

The Tax Bill finally passed the House by yeas 125, nays 13, viz.:—Messrs. Allen, Bufinton, Cox, Kerrigan, Knapp, Law, Norton, Pendleton, Richardson, Shield, Vallandigham, Voorhees and Wickliffe.

The Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, Mr. Stevens (Pa.) closed the debate, saying that, if this bill becomes a law it will command the approbation of all well meaning people. But it will be used as an engine of mischief by those who prefer the possession of power to the welfare of the country. These remarks, he said, were not suggested by the conduct of any member of the House, and he took pleasure in saying that in the Committee of Ways and Means there was the entire absence of party feeling, and the most cordial desire on the part of every member to promote the public welfare. He hoped a similar spirit would be manifested in this House, that the bill would be passed unanimously, and that no member would shrink from his measure of responsibility. The first question naturally suggested, was, "Is the measure necessary?" He would assume that every loyal man admitted the necessity that everything possible should be furnished to extinguish the rebellion. To do this required an army. To sustain it, money was absolutely essential, for the soldiers of the republic must not go unpaid, whatever might be the effect upon civilians. Loans cannot be had unless at the same time provision be made for punctually paying the interest. This brought him to the direct question, "How much they should annually raise to pay the interest?" He supposed our debt, on the first of July, would be six or eight hundred millions. The interest, therefore, with the other expenditures, will be a hundred and thirty millions, independently of the increase of the pension list. His colleague on the Committee of Ways and Means had heretofore stated that this and the Tariff bill would yield one hundred and sixty-three millions.

He was afraid his colleague had overrated the amount for the first year. If Government should use all the means in its power, he had no doubt that in ninety days the rebellion would be so curtailed that our army might safely be reduced to a hundred thousand men, and five-sixths of the present expenses saved. If the Government should determine, in accordance with the wisdom and justice of nations, to make the enemy's property pay the expenses of the war, this tax need not be collected beyond the second year. But if the Administration deem it wise to prolong the war and suffer the loyal citizens to be oppressed, while showing mercy to traitors, the people must expect heavy and further burdens.

The Committee had taxed articles they would have gladly spared. They had laid no burdens on those of small means, so that the poor man's tenement need not be disturbed. For similar reasons they had not laid a poll tax. They had attempted to raise the greatest sum on luxuries and from the large products of wealthy men. But these taxes were light as compared with those of other countries. He repeated that while the rich will contribute largely from their abundance of means, no burdens are imposed on the industrious laborer and mechanic.

The Tax Bill was then passed.

THE MERRIMAC OUT.

General Wool telegraphed to Mr. Stanton, on the 11th:—

The rebel steamers Merrimac, Jamestown, Yorktown and several gun-boats and tugs appeared to-day between Newport News and Sewalls' Point.

The only damage done us is the capture of three small vessels, one empty and one loaded with coal, it is said. These vessels were captured opposite Brigadier-General Casey's Division, whose battery contains small guns of three inch calibre, some 200 feet from the shore.

The Merrimac came down towards the Monitor and the Stevens battery Naugatuck. The latter fired four or five rounds, and the Merrimac one round, when she, with her consort, returned to Craney Island. Thus ends the day. What the night may bring forth I am unable to say.

☞ The farmers of Vermont fear they will be able to make but a small amount of maple sugar, operations being impeded by the great depth of snow.

ISLAND NO. 10.

We learn from Com. Foote's official report that the men and munitions of war taken by him and Gen. Buford at Island No. 10, were as follows.—

April 8, via Cairo.

HON. GIDEON WELLES, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY:—I have to inform the Department that since I sent the telegram last night, announcing the surrender to me of Island No. 10, possession has been taken of both the Island and the works upon the Tennessee shore, by the gunboats and troops under the command of Gen. Buford.

Seventeen officers and 368 privates, besides 100 of their sick and 100 men employed on board the transports, are in our hands, unconditionally prisoners of war.

I have caused a hasty examination to be made of the forts, batteries and munitions of war captured. There are 11 earthworks, with 70 heavy cannon, varying in calibre from 32 to 100 pounders rifled.

The magazines are well supplied with powder, and there are large quantities of shot, shell, and other munitions of war, and also great quantities of provisions. Four steamers afloat have fallen into our hands, and two others, with the rebel gunboat Grampus, are sunk, but will be easily raised.

The floating battery of 16 heavy guns, turned adrift by the rebels, is said to be lying on the Missouri shore, below New Madrid.

The enemy upon the main land appear to have fled with great precipitation after dark, last night, leaving, in many cases, half-prepared meals in their quarters. There seems to have been no concert of action between the rebels upon the Island and those occupying the shore, but the latter fled, leaving the former to their fate.

These works, erected with the highest engineering skill, are of great strength, and with their natural advantages, would have been impregnable, if defended by men fighting in a better cause.

A combined attack by the naval and land forces would have taken place this afternoon or to-morrow morning, had not the rebels so hastily abandoned this stronghold. To mature these plans of attack, has absolutely required the 23 days of preparation.

Another account says:—

The prisoners taken at Island No. 10 reach 5,000, and include Major General Makall and Brigadier Generals Gantt, Walker, and Schaum. We have taken 5,000 stand of small arms, 50,000 solid shot, 600 mules, 120 horses, 13 pieces of light artillery, great quantities of blankets, clothing, ammunition, &c., 400 wagons, 80 siege guns, 200 hogsheads of sugar, and several hundred barrels of molasses. With a few exceptions, the whole rebel force around Island No. 10 are now prisoners. An attempt was made by them to cross to Redfoot on rafts, but they were surrounded and compelled to surrender.

Gen. Pope's official report says:—

The heavy batteries I had thrown up below Tiptonville completely commanded the lowest point of the high ground on the Tennessee shore, entirely cutting off the enemy's retreat by water; his retreat by land has never been possible through the swamp.

Our transports were brought into the river from the bayou, where they had been kept concealed, at daylight on the 7th, and Paine's division loaded. The canal has been a prodigiously laborious work. It was 12 miles long, 6 miles of which were through heavy timber, which had to be sawed off by hand 4 feet under water.

Gen. Pope then says that the gunboats silenced the batteries—the troops then crossed, and pushed on to Tiptonville.

As soon as we commenced to cross, the enemy began to evacuate Island No. 10, and his batteries along the shore. The divisions were pushed forward to Tiptonville as fast as they landed, Paine's leading.

The enemy was driven before him, and although they made several attempts to form in line of battle and make a stand, Paine did not once deploy his columns. The enemy was pushed all night vigorously, until at 4 o'clock A. M. he was driven back upon the swamps and forced to surrender.

Three Generals, seven Colonels, seven regiments, several battalions of infantry, five companies of artillery, over one hundred heavy siege guns, twenty-four pieces of field artillery, an immense quantity of ammunition and supplies, several thousand stand of small arms, a great number of tents, horses, wagons, &c., &c., have fallen into our hands.

Before abandoning Island No. 10, the enemy sunk the gun-boat Grampus, and six of his transports. These last I am raising, and expect to have ready for service in a few days. The famous floating battery was scuttled and turned adrift with all her guns aboard; she was captured and run aground in shoal water by our forces at New Madrid.

Our success is complete and overwhelming. Our troops, as I expected, behaved gloriously. Of Col. Bissell, of the Engineer regiment, I can hardly say too much. Full of resources, untiring and determined, he labored night and day, and completed a work which will be a monument of enterprise and skill.

We have crossed this great river with a large army, the banks of which were lined with batteries of the enemy to oppose our passage; have pursued and captured all his forces and material of war, and have not lost a man, nor met an accident.

CURIOUS DIFFERENCE.

Interesting questions of inquiry in the science of "Medical Topography" will grow out of the experiences of the war, and will challenge the attention and study of the Galens of the land. The ratio of constant sickness in the regiments varies widely among the troops from the different states. The average number steadily on the sick list for every thousand men is nearly as follows:

	Men.
New York (per 1,000 strong),	55
Pennsylvania, "	57
Massachusetts, "	53
Connecticut, "	40
Vermont, "	86
Maine, "	124
New Jersey, "	36
Wisconsin, "	76
Indiana, "	42
Michigan, "	76
Illinois, "	150
Ohio, "	123

NEW MEXICO.—Rebel advices state that letters have been received at New Orleans from San Antonio, announcing the fall of Fort Craig, New Mexico, by unconditional capitulation. Col. Canby proposed that himself and command be permitted to depart on condition that they pledge themselves not to serve during the war, but General Sibley insisted on an unconditional surrender.

☞ It is said that in an interview with the President, before the advance of the army, General McClellan said that unless he could raise the Stars and Stripes over Richmond before the 15th of April, he should resign his commission.

☞ The Humboldt Times tells a fearful earthquake story, wherein it says the ground at Mattole opened so far as to engulph a cow, and immediately shut, crushing the cow, except the tail, which, curiously enough, sticks out as a monument of her sad end—extreme end.

Why the Monitor Did Not Pursue the Merrimac

Since the success of the Monitor in her encounter with the Merrimac, on the 9th of March, many persons have expressed their astonishment that the "cheese box" did not pursue the retreating Merrimac and sink her before she arrived at Norfolk. We have no doubt that such a consummation would have caused intense rejoicing through the country. It was a very feasible theory, but unfortunately there was an insurmountable obstacle to its being put into practice.

The rebels have exercised the same patient care in the preparation of their defences at Norfolk that they manifested in watching the Merrimac grow from a sunken frigate to a formidable iron-clad leviathan. The labor of months and the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars upon their pet scheme was no trifle for them, and every precaution was taken to prevent a failure. They constructed a trap at the mouth of the Elizabeth river, so that in case the Merrimac should be compelled to flee from an attacking force, the pursuing ships might be ensnared, and compelled to surrender.

The channel of the Elizabeth river was staked out with spiles, so that a clear channel of from seventy to ninety feet only was left by which Norfolk could be approached. Just beyond the mouth of the river the Germantown was moored, with springs upon her cable and ready for instant movement. The ship was also prepared, by boring, so that she could be sunk in five minutes after the valve ropes were drawn. The plan was, in case the Merrimac was pursued, to let her and her pursuers pass in, and then swing the Germantown across the channel and sink her, thus placing an impassable barrier to the escape of the pursuing vessels.

By examining the principle upon which a rat is trapped, one may readily see what would have been the position of our "cheese box" in the Elizabeth river, with the bars put up. All our efforts to release her would have proven futile, and we should have been compelled to record a far greater disaster than the loss of our two noble frigates. It must be borne in mind that our enemies are as fertile in invention as ourselves.

☞ When the veteran Commodore Joseph Smith, on duty at Washington, saw by the first dispatch from Fortress Monroe that the frigate Congress, commanded by his son Joseph, had raised the white flag, he only remarked, quietly, "*Joe's dead!*" No Roman father ever paid a nobler or more emphatic tribute of confidence to a gallant son than is contained in the words so uttered, nor gave that son to his country with more cheerful and entire devotion. And the sad assurance was well founded. The flag was not struck until his son had fallen.

☞ Boker, in his "Ode to America," as published in the Philadelphia papers, begins:—"No more of girls and wine," and continues by affirming that "The girls are pale, the wine is drunken to the lees." We confess that we don't see it. We think that love and wine are great stimulants to patriotism, and are not at all disposed to give them up. Our girls, besides, are not pale, and Aimsink & Co. have wine that would make Boker relent and take back all he said.—*New York Paper.*

☞ One of the Memphis papers gives solemn warning that the people of that city, before they will surrender it to the Federal troops, "will demolish it, and sow its site with salt." Prentice says, "It is amusing to hear fellows talk in that way who can't get enough salt to cure their pork, or even season their mush and boiled eggs."

☞ Horace, who was at once a man of genius and of education, didn't believe that the one was worth much without the other. One of his thoughts on the subject has been thus translated:—

"Ah, what can application do,
Unless we have a genius, too?—
Or genius how have cultivation,
Without due pains and application?"

☞ A Memphis paper publishes that whiskey is abundant and not dear in that city. Prentice, in noticing the statement, says:—"This falsehood is manifestly the last desperate resource for getting together in Memphis a quorum of the Legislature."

☞ Prentice says Pillow damns Buckner, and Buckner damns Pillow, and the only thing in which they agree is in damning Floyd, while Floyd, in his turn, damns them both, and the world, in its turn, damns all three.

☞ Mr. Etheridge said in his speech at Nashville, that more negroes had been stolen by the rebels under the reign of Jeff. Davis, than were ever abducted by the free states since our existence. Brownlow said nearly the same thing recently at Cincinnati.

☞ Bulwer is said to have received this year from one of the several firms publishing different editions of his works in London, over one hundred thousand dollars, and to have received from another for the privilege of publishing 3,000 copies of the "Strange Story," $7,500.

☞ A business man can sometimes go along for a while without advertising, and so can a wagon without greasing, but it goes hard, and there is a deal of unprofitable squealing and grumbling, if not a break-down before the journey is ended.

☞ Our forces played a winning game at Bowling Green, and they have made a 10 strike in the Mississippi.

☞ There is a great deal of cotton in the rebel States, but it isn't baled. Like almost everything else there, it is lying about loose.

☞ It is said that the Merrimac's prow was no match for the Monitor's prowess.

☞ There is no salt in the South. The Confederacy is out of *season*.

☞ One of the immediate fruits of the rebellion was to close up all the common schools South. Its duration for a few years would consequently have the effect of entirely suspending the progress of education. One of the first results of the occupation of Nashville by the Federal troops was the re-opening of all the public schools.

☞ A New Orleans paper suggests that Com. Hollins' big turtle, if a steamer's iron prow were to strike her in the middle, "might snap her in two." We should like to see her made a snapping turtle.

☞ Who was Cain's wife? is a question that has confused many. But it is evident she was Mrs. Cain.

LATEST NEWS.

Dispatches from General Wool.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—A report from Gen. Wool to the Secretary of War, at 5 o'clock, P. M., states that all is quiet and the weather fine.

The last dispatch, received at 8 30 P. M., is to the following effect:

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—The Merrimac has not made her appearance to-day. Her object, I think, is simply to prevent any interference with the reinforcements being made from Norfolk to Yorktown.

New deserters came in last evening from the rebel camp, who reported constant reinforcements to the rebels from the direction of Richmond and the Rappahannock.

(Signed) JOHN E. WOOL,
Major-General.

Rebel News from Yorktown—Narrow Escape of Magruder.

BALTIMORE, April 12.—The Richmond Whig contains news from Yorktown that Gen. Magruder, with his staff, was at the Lee House, near Lee's Mills, on Sunday, and came near being captured or killed by Gen. Keyes. The horse of one of his staff was killed under him in his flight, by a shell.

From Yorktown.

Our troops before Yorktown had two skirmishes with the enemy on Friday, 11th inst. In one, a New York regiment drove off the rebels, and several men were wounded on each side. In the other, the Fifty-seventh and Sixty-third Pennsylvan a regiments were engaged, and lost two men killed and four wounded.

The Rebels Leaving Fredericksburg for Richmond and Yorktown—Dispatch from Gen. McDowell.

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:—

CUTTLET'S STATION, VA., April 13.—An intelligent negro has just come in from Stafford county, and says that his master returned this morning from Fredericksburg to his home in Richmond, and told his wife, in this negro's presence, that all the enemy's troops had left Fredericksburg for Richmond and Yorktown, the last of them leaving on Saturday morning. This has just been confirmed by another negro.

(Signed) IRWIN MCDOWELL, Maj.-Gen.

Death of Beauregard Reported—Dispatch from Gen. Banks.

WOODSTOCK, VA., April 13.—To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. We learn from Jackson's camp, this morning, that Gen. Beauregard is dead. The report comes direct from rebel sources, near Mount Jackson.

(Signed) N. P. BANKS, Major-General.

Gen. Johnson, of Kentucky, Reported Killed.

LOUISVILLE, April 13.—The steamer Minnehaha arrived to-day, with about two hundred and forty wounded from Pittsburg Landing, whereof one fourth are rebels.

A wounded officer reports that George W. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Kentucky, had his horse shot from under him on Sunday, while acting on Gen. Breckinridge's staff, and was himself killed on Monday, while fighting in Steele's Company of the Fourth rebel Kentucky regiment.

Two More Batteries Found.

CAIRO, April 11.—Yesterday two splendid batteries of rifled guns were found in the woods below Island No. 10. A large amount of property, consisting of horses, mules, wagons and arms, are being daily brought in by our men.

Savannah to be Assaulted on the 8th.

NEW YORK, April 12.—The steamer Locust Point arrived this afternoon from Port Royal on the 7th. The health of the troops is good.

Port Royal advices of the 7th instant, received here state that an assault would be made on Savannah on the 8th. Our pickets were within eight miles of Savannah.

The Escape of the Nashville.

BALTIMORE, April 12.—A letter from Pattensburg, N. C, to the Richmond Whig, says the Nashville was run out to sea by Lieutenant W. C. Whittle, and that she was taken to Charleston, to be delivered to her new owners.

The Emancipation Resolution Approved.

The President has approved the joint resolution suggested by him, declaring that the United States ought to co-operate with and afford pecuniary aid to any State which may adopt the gradual abolishment of slavery.

Important Foreign News.

WASHINGTON, April 13.—It is rumored that important foreign intelligence, of a highly favorable character, with reference to our Government, has been received by the State Department.

It is believed that the Emperor Napoleon is about to reconsider his recognition of the rebels as belligerents, and in view of the fact that the United States flag floats in every state except one, to give such aid to our Government as he can to suppress the rebellion.

England will at once follow in his footsteps.

GEN. SIGEL has left Curtis' army and gone to St. Louis sick.

☞ Two families were dug out of the snow in Maine, recently, and those who were engaged in the task of disentombing them, dug down three feet before finding the chimney! This fact is vouched for by respectable gentlemen of course—respectable and reliable gentlemen vouch for almost anything, now-a days.

☞ Two months ago George N. Sanders issued a proclamation inviting the great North-west to come into the Southern Confederacy. The great North-west has gone in, and George, when last heard from, was going out.

☞ A lady at Nashville, Tennessee, astonished at the numbers of General Buell's army, asked one of the soldiers, "How far back does your army extend?" "By ——, madam, it reaches to the North Pole, and when I left two other regiments were trying to get in."

☞ A secession paper says the people of that region can use rye coffee if they can't get Java and Rio. It is a very strong kind of "coffee" that the rebels distil from their rye.

☞ A cup of coffee is a sure barometer, if you allow the sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup and watch the bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will be rainy, and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position, changeable weather may be expected. Try it.

☞ In the tax bill before Congress dogs are taxed $1 each.

UPON THE BEACH.

I stand again upon the beach
Where first I saw you.
I thought you were beyond my reach,
Yet did adore you.

I thought that ev'ry girl I'd seen
Was far below you;
I looked upon you as my queen,
And longed to know you.

Day after day passed by—then came
The introduction:
And then began your little game—
Right rare destruction!

I see you now—your eyes—your curls:
You were so pretty;
So different from other girls,
The more the pity.

That evening that you wept, because
You said "I'd grieved you,
I did not know what pain it was!"
And I believed you!

Ah, well! I'm older now. You know
"Experience teaches;"
And flirting now is all the go
On sea-side beaches.

I can but smile as now I think
On my past folly;
My madness then stood on the brink
Of melancholy.

I shall not quite forget you,—nay,
Shall think about you.
But, once for ever, hear me say,
Can do without you. CECIL.

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE MYSTERY," "EAST LYNNE," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XV.

SOMEBODY "PITCHED INTO."

How do the poor manage to pull through illness? Through distress, through hunger, through cold, through nakedness, above all, through the foetid, unwholesome atmosphere in which too many of them are obliged to live, they struggle on from sickness back to health.

Look at the children of Robert Darby.—The low fever which attacked them had in some inexplicable way been subdued, without its going on to the dreaded typhus. If typhus appeared at that untoward time in Daffodil's Delight, why, then, no earthly power could have helped them.

Little, pale, pinched forms, but with the disease gone, there sat the children. Colder weather had come, and they gathered round the bit of fire; fire it could scarcely be called, for it was only a few decaying embers. All sat on the floor, save Willy; he was in a chair, leaning his head back on a pillow.—The boy had probably never been fitted by constitution for a prolonged life, though he might have lasted some years more, under favorable surroundings; as it was, fever and privation had done their work with him, and the little spirit was nearly worn out.

Mrs. Darby had taken him round to Mr. Rice.

"He does not want me, he wants good nourishment, and plenty of it," was the apothecary's veto.

And Mrs. Darby took him home again.

"Mother, the fire's nearly out."

"I can't help it, Willy. There's no more coal, and nothing to buy it with."

"Take something, mother."

You may or may not, as you are acquainted or not with the habits of the poor, be aware that this sentence referred to the pawnbroker; spoken out fully as it would have been, "Take something and pledge it, mother." In cases of long-continued, general distress, the children of a family know just as much about its ways and means as the heads do.

Mrs. Darby cast her eyes round the kitchen. There was nothing to take, nothing that would raise them help, to speak of. As she stood over Willy, parting the hair with her gentle finger upon his little pale brow, her tears dropped upon his face. The pillow on which his head leaned? Ay: she had thought of that; but how would his poor little head do without it? The last thing put in pledge had been Darby's tools.

Mrs. Darby pulled her husband's ear close to her lips.

"When the boy's dead, you'll wish you had cared for him more than for the Trades' Unions, and worked for him."

The words told upon the man. Perhaps for the first time he had fully realized to his imagination the moment when he should see his boy lying dead before him.

"I will work," he exclaimed. "Willy, boy, father'll go and get work, and soon bring you home something good to eat, as he used to."

Willy's hot lips parted with a pleasant smile of response; his blue eyes glistened brightly. Robert Darby beat his rough unshaven face, and took a kiss from the child's smooth one.

"Yes, my boy, father *will* work."

He went out, bending his steps towards Slippery Sam's—who, by the way, had latterly exacted the title of "Mr. Shuck." There was a code of honor—as they regarded it—amidst these operatives of the Hunters, to do nothing underhanded, without first speaking to the Unions' man, Sam Shuck: as was mentioned in the case of Baxendale.

It happened that Mr. Shuck was standing in the strip of garden before his house, carrying on a wordy war over the palings with Mrs. Quale, when Darby came up. Peter Quale had, of course, been locked out with the rest, but with the first hour that Mr. Hunter's yard was open, Peter returned to his work. He did not belong to the Trades' Unions: never had, and never would; therefore he was a free man. He was left to do as he liked in peace: somehow, the Union did not care to interfere with Peter Quale. Peter pursued his own course quietly—going to his work and returning from it, saying little to the malcontents of Daffodil's Delight. Not so Mrs. Quale: she exercised her tongue upon them whenever she got the chance.

"Now, Robert Darby! how are them children of your'n?" began she. "Starved out yet?"

"Next door to it," was Darby's answer.

"And whose is the fault?" she went on.—"If I had children, and my husband wouldn't work to keep 'em out of their graves, through getting some nasty mistaken crotchet in his head, and holding out when the work was a-going begging, I'd go before a magistrate and see if I couldn't have the law of him."

"You'd do a good many things if you wore the breeches. But you don't," sneered Sam.

"You be wearing whole breeches now, which you got out of the blood and marrow of the poor misguided men," retorted Mrs. Quale. "They won't last out whole forever, Slippery Sam."

"They'll last out as long as I want 'em to, I daresay," said Sam. "Have you come up for anything particular, Darby?"

"I have come to talk a bit, Shuck. There seems no chance of this state of things coming to an end."

"No, that there doesn't. You men are preventing that."

"Us men!" exclaimed Robert Darby, in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"I don't mean you: I don't mean the sturdy honest ones who hold out for their rights like men: I mean the other lot. If every operative in the kingdom had held out, to a man, the masters would have given in long ago—they must have done it; and you would all be back, working in triumph the nine hours per day. I spoke of those rats who sneak in, and take the work, to the detriment of the honest man."

"At any rate, the rats are getting the best of it just now," said Robert Darby.

"That thy are," said Mrs. Quale, exultingly, who would not lose an opportunity of putting in her word. "It isn't *their* children that are dropping in their winding-sheets through want of food."

"If I had my way, I'd hang every man who in this crisis is putting his hand to a stroke of work," exclaimed Sam Shuck.—"Traitors! to turn and work for masters after they had resorted to a lock-out! It was that lock-out floored us."

"Of course it was," assented Mrs. Quale, with complaisance. "If the Union only had money coming in from the men, they'd hold out forever. But the general lock-out stopped that."

"Well, Shuck, as things seem to be getting worse instead of better, and prospects look altogether so gloomy, I shall go back to work myself," resumed Darby.

"Don't give in, man, at the eleventh hour. A little longer, and the victory will be ours. You see, it is not the bare fact of your going back that does the mischief: it's the example it sets. But for that scoundrel Baxendale's turning tail, you would not have thought about it."

"I don't know that," said Darby.

"Why, Darby, we have got it all in our own hands—if you men could but be brought to see it: it's as plain as the nose before you. Us builders, taking us in all our branches, might be the most united and prosperous body of men in the world. Only let us pull together, and have consideration for our fellows, and put away selfishness. Binding ourselves, all of us, to work but nine hours—perhaps but eight, after a bit, we should—"

"It is a good thing you have not got much of an audience here, Sam Shuck! That doctrine of yours is false and pernicious—in antagonism to the laws of God and man."

The interruption proceeded from Doctor Bevary. He had come into the garden unperceived by Sam, who was lounging on the side palings, his back to the gate. The Doctor had come to pay a visit to Mary Baxendale.

Sam started up.

"What did you say, sir?"

"What did I say?" repeated Doctor Bevary. "I think it should be, what did you say? You would dare to circumscribe the means God has given to man—to set a limit to his talents and his labor? You would say, 'So far shall you work, and no farther!' Who are you, and all such as you, that you should assume such power, and set yourselves up between God and your fellow men?"

"Hear, hear!" interrupted Mrs. Quale, putting her head out at her window, for she had gone in-doors.

"I have been a hard worker for years," continued Doctor Bevary. "Mentally and practically I have toiled—*toiled*, Sam Shuck—to improve and make use of the talents intrusted to me. My days are spent in alleviating, so far as may be, the sufferings of my fellow creatures; when I go to rest, I often lie awake half the night, pondering abstruse questions of medical science, considering over new theories. What man living has God endowed with power to come and say to me, 'You shall not do this; you shall only work half your hours; you shall only earn a limited amount of fees?' Answer me."

"It's not a parallel case, sir, with ours," returned Sam.

"It is a parallel case," said Doctor Bevary. "There's your friend next door, Peter Quale; by diligence he has made himself into a finished artisan; by dint of industry, in working over hours, he has amassed a competence that will keep him out of the workhouse in his old age. What reason or principle of justice can there be in your saying, 'He shall not do this; he shall receive no more than I do, or than Ryan there does? Because Ryan is an inferior workman, and I love idleness and drink better than work, Quale and others shall not work to have an advantage over us; we will all share and fare alike.' Out upon you, Slippery Sam, for promulgating doctrines so false! you must be the incarnation of selfishness, or you could not do it.—They can never obtain sway in free and enlightened England. As well become Mormons at once, and throw all labor into one lot."

The Doctor stepped into Shuck's house, on his way to Mary, leaving Sam on the gravel. Sam put his arm within Darby's, and led him down the street, out of the Doctor's way when he should come forth, and set himself to undo what the Doctor's words had done, and to breathe persuasive arguments into Darby's ear.

Darby went home. It had grown dusk then, for Sam had treated him to a glass at the "Bricklayers' Arms," where sundry other friends were taking their glasses. There appeared to be a commotion in his house as he entered; his wife, Grace, and the young ones were withdrawing from standing round Willy.

"He has had another fainting fit," said Mrs. Darby, to her husband. "And now—I declare illness is the strangest thing!—he says he is hungry."

The child put out his hot hand.

"Father!"

Robert Darby advanced and took it.

"Be you better, dear? What ails you this evening?"

"Father," whispered the child, hopefully, "have you got the work?"

"When do you begin, Robert? To-morrow?"

Darby's eyes fell, and his face clouded.

"I can't ask for it," he answered. "The society won't let me."

A great cry. A cry from the mother, from Grace, from the poor little child. Hope had lighted up once more within them.

"You shall soon have food; father's going to work again, darlings," the mother had said to the hungry little ones, and now the hopes were dashed. The disappointment was bitter.

"Is he to *die* of hunger?" exclaimed Mrs. Darby, in bitterness, pointing to Willy.—"You said you would work for him."

"So I would, if they'd let me. I'd work the life out of me, but what I'd get a crust for ye all; but the Trades' Union won't have it," panted Darby. "What am I to do?"

"Work without the Trades' Union, father," interposed Grace. "Baxendale has done it."

"They are threatening Baxendale awfully. But it is not that I'd care for. The society would put a mark upon me: I should be a banned man: and when this struggle's over, they say, I should be let get work by neither masters nor men. My tools be in pledge, too."

Mrs. Darby threw her apron over her eyes and burst into tears; Grace was already crying silently, and the boy had his imploring little hands held up.

"Robert, they be your own children! I never thought you'd see them starve."

Another minute, and the man would have cried with them. He went out of doors, perhaps to sob his emotion away. Two or three steps down the street he encountered John Baxendale. The latter slipped five shillings into his hand.

"Tut, man, don't be squeamish. Take it for the children. You'd do as much for mine if you had got it and I hadn't. Mary and I have been talking about you. She heard you having an argument with that snake Shuck."

"They be starving, Baxendale, or I wouldn't take it," returned the man, the tears running down his pinched face. "I'll pay you back with the first work I get. I say, have a care of yourself; they are going on again you at a fine rate."

Come what would, Darby determined to furnish a home meal with this relief, which seemed like a very help from heaven. He bought two pounds of beef sausages, *ready cooked, for their frying-pan was in pledge;* a pound of cheese, some tea, some sugar, two loaves of bread, and a lemon to make drink for Willy. Turning home with these various treasures, he became aware that a bustle had arisen in the street. Men and women were pressing down towards one particular spot. Tongues were busy; but he could not at first obtain an insight into the cause of the stir.

"An obnoxious man had been set upon in a lonely corner, under cover of the night's darkness, and pitched into—beaten to death," was at length explained.

Away flew Darby, a horrible suspicion at his heart. Pushing his way amidst the crowd collected round the spot, as only a resolute man can do, he stood face to face with the sight. One, trampled on and beaten, lay in the dust, his face covered in blood.

"Is it Baxendale?" shouted Darby, for he was unable to recognize him.

"It's Baxendale, as sure as a trivet. Who else should it be? He have caught it at last."

But there were pitying faces around. Humanity revolted at the sight; and quiet, inoffensive John Baxendale had ever been liked in Daffodil's Delight. Robert Darby, his voice rising to a shriek with emotion, held out his armful of provisions.

"Look here! I wanted to work, but the Union won't let me. My wife and children be a starving at home, one of them dying; I came out, for I couldn't bear to stop in-doors in the misery. Then I met a friend—it seemed to me more like an angel—and he gave me money to feed my children—made me take it; he said if I had money and he not, I'd do as much for him. See what I bought with it; I was carrying it home for my poor children, when this cry arose. Friends, the one to give it me was Baxendale, and you have murdered him!"

Another great cry, even as Darby concluded, arose to break the deep stillness. No stillness is so deep as that caused by emotion.

"He is not dead!" shouted the crowd. "See! he is stirring. What devils was it as pitched into him?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NEW DANGER OF SPIRITUALISM.

An English writer, who has attended one of the London sittings of a famous American medium, Mr. Endor, gives the following experience—showing the danger of calling back those to the world who while in the flesh were great bores to everybody. Mr. Endor calls upon him the next morning after the interview, which happens to be Sunday:—

"You may remember, *sir*, (said Mr. Endor)—for although I think you had dined, as you say in the old country, you were perfectly rational last night—you may remember that besides calling upon the spirit of my beloved aunt—"

"By sheer inadvertence, Mr. Endor. I never willingly intrude upon the privacy of a lady."

"Yes, *sir*. But besides calling upon Miss Bowkeridge, you gave me the name of another spirit, from whom you wished me to have intelligence."

"I think I did."

"Yes, *sir*. Here is your own writing. Will you please to read that?"

Mr. Endor gave me a small crumpled piece of paper. I recognized my own writing, though there was a certain freedom about it which is not usually perceptible in manuscript which I prepare before the hour of 7 P. M. The name which I had written was Windermere Blueton.

"Would you read that name, *sir*?"

"Windermere Blueton," I read.

Rap—rap—rap, came very distinctly indeed upon the desk on which I now pen these lines.

"How did you do *that?*" I said, more hastily than politely, for I was startled. Mr. Endor was sitting at least ten feet from my desk.

"*I* do it?" he answered, reproachfully. "See here."

He placed his two hands upon his head, and stood straight up in a military position.

"Can I be playing a trick now? Say the name again, *sir*."

I did so, and the three raps were repeated.

"Well, I don't know how it is done," I said, "and there's an end of the matter; but I can only say that if you really do it with the aid of Beelzebub, it is not at all the sort of thing to be bringing that party into private gentlemen's houses during the hours of divine service."

"*Sir*, let us talk of what we understand. That person whose name you read out was summoned by you last night, and came. Who was he in this life?"

"A dreadful bore," I said.

Three angry raps.

"Bother," I said, "it is perfectly true. We used to call him Winny Blue, and there was no getting rid of him."

Three more raps.

"There is no getting rid of him now, *sir*."

"Eh?" I answered, "I am very sorry. What have I done—*ubi lapsus quid*—and so on."

"Quid is not my custom, *sir*, but I'll take one of these cigars," said Mr. Endor, "as I have no appointments to-day. Your high folk are very funny people, and won't see spirits on Sunday."

"Quite right too, Mr. Endor."

"If it's wrong on Sunday it's wrong on Monday, *sir*. But you are a superstitious old nation, and that's about the truth of it."

"Are you come here on a Sunday morning to abuse my unfortunate country, Mr. Endor?"

"No, *sir*. I have come to tell you that you have got me into this fix, and that you must help me out of it."

"What fix?"

"Why, this eternal presence of your friend, Mr. Blueton. We've got him up, *sir*, and now, *sir*, by Jove, he won't go down."

"But surely you, as a magician, can work the necessary spells?"

"You may deride, *sir*. But you have just let out the truth. Your lamented friend, Mr. Blueton, was a bore in this life, and a bore he has remained in the other. Now I must say that, knowing his characteristics, it was very inconsiderate of you, talking it in the mildest way, to call him up."

"I assure you, Mr. Endor, I would not have mentioned his name for the world, if I had not thought"—I hesitated, for I was in my own house.

"If you had not thought, *sir*, that I was an all-fired humbug, and there was as much chance of Mr. Blueton's coming up as of Julius Cæsar's."

"I wish," I said, trying to evade the charge, "that you would not say coming 'up.' Blueton was not exactly my friend, but I should be sorry to think that his antecedents—"

Rap—rap—rap.

"He will be heard, *sir*. He followed me home last night, he gave me no peace, sitting or lying down, until I got at the writing table and began to write to his dictation; he kept me at it till four in the morning, the morning of this blessed Sunday, and then I dropped asleep from dead fatigue."

"By George," I said, "that is like Blueton. I believe that you are making a convert of me, Mr. Endor."

"Well, *sir*, then you'll be able to take my place when I am going to the happy hunting-grounds, for a week of this ghost whom you have raised will about finish me off. When I was woke by those cussed watercresses (and you call yourselves a Christian nation,) this Blueton began at me again, and I have been scribbling ever since, till I made a clean rush out of the house and came up to you, that you might relieve me, as is just and right, of a portion of my labor. Look here."

And he pulled out a vast heap of rapidly written manuscript, looking uncommonly like the sort of thing that an intending author sends to unfortunate editors, with a jaunty note to the effect that it has been "dashed off," and with some little "pruning" will doubtless be acceptable to the highly popular journal favored by the remittance.

Rap—rap—rap.

"Now, he wants to be at it again. Don't you, spirit of Blueton?"

Rap—rap—rap.

"Yes, *sir*. Now, do you take the pen, and take a spell at the work."

"But I am not a Medium," I said. "Besides, I would not have done it for him in life, and I don't see why I should do more when his stories must be all old, and he can't have anything to say that I want to hear."

"I will make you a Medium in no time," said Mr. Endor. "Would you ring for a razor and a clean plate—a soup plate would be the best?"

"No, I would not. I am particular about my razors, and my wife does not like her china to be played with. You must take this ghost of a bore, Mr. Endor, as one of the accidents of trade. I cannot interfere."

"I expected more liberal dealing, *sir*, especially after the way we behaved in that Mason and Slidell affair."

"You touch me, sir, but it is impossible. Nonintervention, Mr. Endor, is the policy, and I must carry it out in this case. But, surely, you know how to get rid of a spirit which you have summoned?"

"Generally, sir, they are too glad to get back, for reasons which I will not enter upon, as you are a family man. But this Blueton won't go, and that's a fact."

Rap—rap—rap.

"An old plague. We blackballed him at the Carnifex because he was such a bore, and we nearly expelled a man who invited him there to dinner. It is too bad of him to stick to you like this. But you must see that I can have nothing to say to him. What would Mrs. Kent and her mother say when they came in from church, and found me acting as amanuensis to a ghost? We owe something to our families, Mr. Endor. It won't do."

"You are unjust to America, *sir*. Mr. Seward is right, and so is the New York Herald, in saying that you have an aristocratic hatred of us."

"On the contrary, Mr. Endor, I assure you that all educated Englishmen are enraged at any attempt to sow hostility between yourselves and us. But I am not going to adopt your ghosts, for all that. Still, I should like to make this up to you."

"Yes, *sir*."

Mr. Endor departed, leaving me the Spirit MS. I had barely had time to glance over it, when the family returned from service. As my visitor had come anonymously, I escaped much interrogation; but it is a curious fact that my wife, entering my study, apologised for having forgotten to buy me some Vesta matches, and was sorry I had been obliged to use one of those wooden ones, that smell so of sulphur. I had lighted no match.

MARGARET'S HYMN.

There is a land where beauty cannot fade,
Nor sorrow dim the eye,
Where true love shall not droop nor be dismayed,
And none shall ever die.
Where is that land—oh, where?
For I would hasten there.
Tell me—I fain would go,
For I am wearied with a heavy woe.
The beautiful have left me all alone,
The true and tender from my path have gone;
Oh, guide me with thy hand,
If thou dost know the land;
For I am burdened with oppressive care,
And I am weak and fearful with despair;
Where is it?—tell me where!
Thou that art kind and gentle, tell me where.

Friend! thou must trust in Him who trod before
The desolate path of life—
Must bear in meekness as He meekly bore
Sorrow and pain and strife.
Think how the Son of God
Those thorny paths hath trod,
Think how He longed to go,
Yet tarried out for *thee* the appointed woe.
Think of His weariness in places dim,
Where no man comforted or cared for Him.
Think of the blood-like sweat,
With which His brow was wet,
Yet how he prayed, unaided and alone,
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"
Friend, do not *thou* despair!
Christ from His heaven of heavens will hear thy prayer.

SIGNIFICANT NAMES.

You will often be able to glean knowledge from the names of things. What a record of inventions is preserved in the names which so many articles bear, of the place from which they first came, or the person by whom they were first invented. The "magnet" has its name from Magnesia. The "bayonet" tells us that it was first made at Bayonne; "worsted" that it was first spun at a village of the same name in the neighborhood of Norwich; "cambrics" that they reached us from Cambray; "damask" from Damascus; the "damson" also is the "damascene" or Damascus plum; "dimity" from Damietta; "cordwain," or "cordovan," from Cordova; "currants" from Corinth; "indigo" (indicum) from India; "agates" from a Sicilian river, Achates; "jalap" from Xalapa, a town in Mexico; "parchment" from Bergamum; the "guinea" that it was originally coined (in the year 1663) of gold brought from the African coast so called; "camlet" that it was woven, at least in part, of camels' hair. The fashion of the cravat was borrowed from the croats, or "Crobats," as they used, in the sixteenth century, to be called. Such has been the manufacturing process of England, that we now send our calicoes and muslins to India and the East; yet the words give standing witness that we once imported them thence, for "calico" is from Calicut, and "muslin" from Mausaul, a city in Asiatic Turkey. "Ermine" is the spoil of the Armenian rat.—*French's Study of Words.*

☞ The editorial office of a Kenosha paper is located immediately over a recruiting office, and the editor says the filing and drumming drives everything out of his head! What a scampering there must be down over his shirt collar!

A LADY'S IDEAS ON CRINOLINE AND BLOOMERS.

"Ada Clare" writes to the N. Y. Leader as follows:—

As for the long dress, sweeping the ground, it cannot and will not be done away with, until the costume of the woman becomes exceedingly short. The neither long nor short dress is a thing hideous to behold. Venus herself could not look graceful, if her heels alone were exhibited to the public gaze. The human race have inherited vulnerability of heel from Achilles, and therein can beauty and grace be stricken.

No woman, I think, would object to the short dress, if it would reveal the whole of the foot and ankle.

One thing above others pleases me; it is to see men annoyed by the prevailing fashion. Not out of malice am I pleased, but out of a sense of justice. When I see the supposed lords of creation in a car, of a hot summer's day, with their indignant heads only appearing above the pyramid of light dry goods, which swell up to their chins, I laugh and am satisfied. Because, when women proposed to wear a truly sensible and beautiful dress, men opposed it, not only by argument, but by brute force. The Bloomer is the costume to which I refer. Of course, when I mention it, men will have in their minds a picture of the Bloomer as they have seen her. They must try to remember, if the superiority of their minds will allow them, that the Bloomer has been worn only by old and ugly women, who exhibited the most hideous taste in its combinations. Let the young and lovely have a chance at it for a month or so, and I would like to see where male logic would be at the end of it.

Fancy a beautiful young woman, of a June evening, in a white sprigged muslin dress, coming just down to her knees, and finished off at its termination with a puff of pink ribbon and white lace. Her pantelettes made of sprigged blonde lace, very full, Turkish style, are gathered up with a knot of rose ribbons at the knee, and from thence hang half-way down her lovely leg. The foot, encased in a bronze gaiter with brass heels, is exhibited to the human eye, together with the ankle, and eight inches above it. Her dress is made full in the waist, and as it approaches the white shoulders and neck, it is gathered in loose folds, with a band of pink ribbons, which terminates in a knot of the same on the breast. A string of pearls is clasped about her fair throat, and the same gathers up her short sleeves. Add to this picture the health which so comfortable a dress, conducing to open-air exercise, would bring—that health expressed in the soft bloom of her cheeks, the kindly brightness of her eyes, and the crimson on her lips, that would make the roses feel they were no longer subjects of poetry—and men can hardly help melting before this vision of loveliness, unless they are men of stone.

As the case stands now, even with the blessing of the hoop-skirt, the woman's costume entirely indisposes her for out-door exercise. For before she can go forth, she must go through with a series of manœuvres as tedious as a military drill. The number of things she is obliged to put on and take off, involves a sacrifice of time and patience to which the martyrs were utterly strangers. The consequence is, regular exercise is very rare among women, and no wonder that men, their offspring, have such weak digestions and such selfish habits.

If the Bloomer dress ever comes into sway, carried out in an elegant, tasteful, coquettish manner, I fancy that it will bring with it a freedom for women from conventional lies, from deceit and much uncharitableness, and from their intense desire for money. The dress would be so much less expensive than the present one, and would require taste so much more than extravagance, that one great motive for mercenary marriages were gone. Woman, relieved from the continual burden and fretfulness of an unnatural attire, would grow in good sense and in kindly feeling, and the physical education of children might become an art instead of an accident.

But until that time comes, may the hoop-skirt reign triumphant, and men be buried 'neath its expanses and expenses!

DISCIPLINE IN CHILDHOOD.

Young people who have been habitually gratified in all their desires, will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them; and consequently will, in general, sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of princes and other great people to be attributed? It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning. Nothing but the practical habit of overcoming our selfishness and of familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others, will ever enable us to do it when required. And, therefore, I am firmly persuaded that indulgence infallibly produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and that nothing but pretty severe discipline and control can lay the foundation of a magnanimous character. —*Lord Jeffrey.*

HOW TO FORGIVE A RIVAL.—Resolve that you will love and wish well to the man who has fairly succeeded where you have fairly failed. Go to him and get acquainted with him; if you and he are both true men, you will not find it difficult to like him. It is perhaps asking too much of human nature to ask you to do all this in the case of the man who has carried off the woman you loved; but as regards anything else, do it all. Go to your successful rival, and heartily congratulate him: say frankly you wish it had been you; it will do great good both to him and to yourself. Let it not be that envy, that fast growing fiend, shall be suffered in your heart for one minute.—*Boyd.*

"LIST OF THE KILLED."

Mothers who sit in dumb terror and dread,
Holding that terrible list,
Fearing to look lest you see mid the dead
The name of the boy you have kissed—

Kissed e'en as those who in anguish and pain,
Kiss precious faces of clay,
E'en as you would had you shudderingly lain
That dear one in grave-robes away—

I pity you, sitting with faces so white,
Striving to parry the blow;
I know how that name will torture your sight,
Can fathom the depth of your woe.

By the pang that rent my desolate heart,
By this crushing weight of despair,
I know how you too will shudder and start,
Reading that dear-loved name there.

I know you'll hush that passionate cry,
Thinking of him as he lies,
With beautiful face upturned to the sky,
Death veiling the glorious eyes.

"Fighting he fell!" Does a feeling of pride
Lighten your grief as you think
How brave was the boy that went from your side—
How he would not falter or shrink?

The mother's love triumphs. Men call women weak—
Ah, well, perhaps it is so!
I know there are tears e'en now on my cheek
For the boy that's lying so low.

I know that I start at each step on the stair,
With wistful glance turn toward the door,
Thinking, perchance, that my darling is there—
Peace, heart! he can come nevermore.

But still there's a thought that softens my woe—
Above there's a glorified list;
And one day I'll hear with rapturous glow
The name of the boy I have kissed.

THE CHANNINGS.

BY MRS. WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "DANESBURY HOUSE," "EAST LYNNE," "THE EARL'S HEIRS," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY AUGUSTA YORKE AT HOME.

"If you don't put away that trash, Caroline, and go up stairs and practise, I'll make you go! Strewing the table in that manner! Look what a pickle the room is in!"

The words came from Lady Augusta Yorke, a tall, dark woman, with high cheek-bones; and they were spoken at a pitch that might not have been deemed orthodox at court. Miss Caroline Yorke, a *young* demoiselle, with a "net" that was more frequently off her head than on it, slip-shod shoes, and untidy stockings, had placed a quantity of mulberry leaves on the centre-table, and a silk-worm on each leaf. She leisurely proceeded with her work, bringing forth more silk-worms from her paper trays, paying not the least attention to her mother. Lady Augusta advanced, and treated her to a slight tap on the ear, her favorite mode of correcting her children.

"Now, mamma! What's that for?"

"Do you hear me, you disobedient child? I will have this rubbish put away, I say.—Goodness, Martha! don't bring anybody in here!" broke off Lady Augusta, as a maid appeared, showing in a visitor. "Oh, it is you, William, I don't mind you; come in."

It was the Reverend William Yorke who entered. He was not altogether a favorite of Lady Augusta's. Though but distantly related to her late husband, he yet bore the name of Yorke; and when he came to Helstonleigh (for he was not a native of the place), and became a candidate for a vacant minor canonry, Lady Augusta's pride had taken fire. The minor canons were looked upon by the exclusives of the cathedral as holding an inferior position amidst the clergy, and she resented it that one belonging to her should descend to set up his place among them.

Mr. Yorke shook hands with Lady Augusta, and then turned to regard the leaves and silkworms.

"Are you doing that for ornament, Caroline?"

"Ornament!" wrathfully cried Augusta.—"She is doing it for waste of time, and to provoke me."

"No I am not, mamma," denied Miss Caroline. "My poor silkworms never get anything but lettuce leaves. Tod got these for me from the bishop's garden, and I am looking at the silkworms enjoying the change."

"Tod is in hot water," remarked Mr. Yorke; "he was fighting with another boy as I came through the cloisters."

"Then he'll get his clothes torn, as he did the last time he fought!" exclaimed Lady Augusta, in consternation; "I think nobody ever had such a set of children as mine!" she peevishly continued. "The boys boisterous as so many wild animals, and the girls enough to drive one crazy, with their idle, disobedient ways. Look at this room, William! encumbered from one end to the other; things thrown out of hand by Caroline and Fanny! As to their lessons they never open one.—These three days I have never ceased telling Caroline to go and practise, and she has not obeyed me yet! I shall go out of my mind with one thing or another; I know I shall! Nice dunces they'll grow up!"

"Go and practise now, Caroline," said Mr. Yorke; "I will put your silkworms up for you."

Caroline pouted—

"I hate practising."

He laid his hand gently upon her, gazing at her with his dark, pleasant eyes, reproachful then:

"But you do not hate obeying your mamma? You must never let it come to that, Caroline."

She suffered him to lead her to the door, and she went docilely enough to the drawing-room, where the piano was, and sat down to it. Oh, for a little better training for those children! Mr. Yorke began placing the silk-worms in the trays, and Lady Augusta went on grumbling.

"It is a dreadful fate—to be left a widow with a heap of unruly children, who will not be controlled! I must get a governess for the girls, and then I shall be free from them for a few hours in the day. I thought I would try and save the money, and teach them myself; but I might just as well attempt to teach so many little wild Indians! I am not fit for teaching; it is beyond me. Don't you think you could hear of a governess, William? You go about so."

"I have heard of one since I saw you yesterday," he replied. "A young lady whom you know is anxious to take a situation, and I think she might suit."

"Whom I know?" cried Lady Augusta.—"Who is it?"

"Miss Channing."

Lady Augusta looked astonished.

"Is *she* going out as governess? That comes of the losing of this lawsuit. She has lost no time in the decision."

"When an unpalatable step has to be taken, the sooner it is set about, the less will be the cost," remarked Mr. Yorke.

"Unpalatable! you may well say that.—This will be the climax, will it not, William?"

"Climax of what?"

"Of all the unpleasantness that has attended your engagement with Miss Channing—"

"I beg your pardon, Lady Augusta," was the interruption of Mr. Yorke. "No unpleasantness whatever has attended my engagement with Miss Channing."

"I think so, for I consider her beneath you; and, therefore, that it is nothing but unpleasant from beginning to end: The Channings are very well, but they are not equal to the Yorkes. You might make this a pretext for the giving her up."

Mr. Yorke laughed.

"I think her all the more worthy of me. The only question that is apt to arise within me is, whether I am worthy of her. As we shall never agree upon this point, Lady Augusta, it may not be worth while to discuss it. About the other thing? I believe she would make an admirable governess for Caroline and Fanny, if you could obtain her."

"Oh, I daresay she would do *that*. She is a lady, and has been well educated. Would she want a high salary?"

"Forty guineas, to begin with."

Lady Augusta interrupted him with a scream.

"I never could give the half of it! I am sure I never could. What with housekeeping expenses, and milliners' bills, and visiting, and the boys dragging money out of me everlastingly, I have nothing, scarcely, to spare for education."

"Yet it is more essential than the rest. Your income, properly portioned out, would afford—"

Another interrupting scream from Lady Augusta. Her son Theodore—Tod, familiarly—burst into the room, jacketless, his hair a mass of entanglement, blood upon his face, and his shirt-sleeves hung in shreds.

"You rebellious, wicked fright of a boy!" was the salutation of my lady, when she could find her breath.

"Oh, it's nothing, mamma. Don't bother," replied Master Tod, waving her off. "I have been going into Pierce, senior, and have polished him off with a jolly good licking. He won't get me into a row again, I'll bet."

"What row did he get you into?"

"He's a nasty, sneaking tattler, and he took and told something to Gaunt, and Gaunt put me up for punishment, and I got a caning from old Pye. I vowed I'd pay Pierce out for it, and I have done it."

"What was it about?" inquired Mr. Yorke. "The damaged surplice?"

"Damaged surplice be hanged!" politely retorted the young gentleman, who, in gaining the victory, appeared to have lost his temper. "It was something concerning our lessons at the third desk, if you must know."

"You might be civil, Tod," said Lady Augusta. "Look at your shirt! Who, do you suppose, is going to mend that?"

"It can go unmended," responded Master Tod. "I wish it was the fashion to go without clothes, I do! They are always getting torn."

"I wish it was!" heartily responded my lady.

That same evening, in returning to her house from a visit, Constance Channing encountered Mr. Yorke. He turned to walk with her to the door.

"I intended to call this afternoon, Constance, but was prevented," he observed. "I have spoken to Lady Augusta."

"Well?" she answered, with a smile and a blush.

"She would be very glad of *you*; but the difficulty, at first, appeared to be about the salary. However, I pointed out a few home truths, and she admitted that if the girls were to get an education, she supposed she must pay for it. She will give you forty guineas; but you are to call upon her and settle details. To-morrow, if convenient to you."

Constance clasped her hands.

"I am so pleased!" she exclaimed in a low tone, a glad light shining in her eyes.

"So am I," said Mr. Yorke. "I would rather you went to Lady Augusta's than to a stranger's. And do, Constance, try and make those poor girls more like what they ought to be."

"That I shall try, you may be sure, William. Are you not coming in?"

"No," said Mr. Yorke, who had held out his hand on reaching the door. He was pretty constant in his evening visits to the Channings, but he had made an engagement for this one with a brother clergyman.

Constance entered. She looked in the study for her brothers, but only Arthur was there. He was leaning his elbow upon the table in a thoughtful mood.

"Where are they all?" inquired Constance.

"Tom and Charles are gone to the cricket match. I don't think Hamish has come in."

"Why did you not go to cricket also?"

"I don't know," said Arthur. "I did not feel much inclination for cricket this evening."

"You are looking dull, Arthur, but I have some good news for you," Constance said, bending over him with a bright smile. "It is settled about my going out, and I am to have forty guineas. Guess where it is to."

Arthur threw his arm round Constance, and they stood together, looking at the trailing honeysuckle plant just outside the window.

"Tell me, darling."

"It is to Lady Augusta's. William has been talking to her, and she would like to have me. Does it not seem lucky to get it so soon?"

"*Lucky*, Constance?"

"Ah, well; you know what I think, Arthur, though I did say 'lucky,'" returned Constance. "I know it is God who is helping us."

Very beautiful and touching was the simple trustfulness reposed in God by Constance and Arthur Channing. The lessons of Scriptural truth, which had been imparted by their mother, were not without their influence on the character and conduct of these young people. The good seed had been sown on good ground, and was bringing forth its fruit.

"I was deep in a reverie when you interrupted me, Constance," Arthur resumed. "Something seems to whisper to me that this loss, which we regard as a great misfortune, may turn out for good in the end."

"In the end! It may have come for our good now," said Constance. "Perhaps, I wanted my pride lowered," she laughed; "and this has come to do it, and is dispatching me out a meek governess."

"Perhaps, we all wanted it," cried Arthur, meaningly. "There are other bad habits it may stop, besides pride." He was thinking of Hamish, and his propensity to spend. "Forty guineas, you are to have?"

"Yes," said Constance. "Arthur, do you know a scheme that I have in my head? I have been thinking of it all day."

"What is it? Stay! here is some one coming in. It is Hamish."

Hamish entered with the account books under his arm, preparatory to going over them with his father. Constance drew him to her.

"Hamish, I have a plan in my head, if we can only carry it out. I am going to tell it you."

"One that will set the river on fire?" cried gay, laughing Hamish.

"If we—you, and I, and Arthur—can but manage to earn enough money, and if we can observe strict economy at home, who knows but we may send papa to the German baths yet?"

A cloud came over Hamish's face, and his smile faded.

"I don't see how *that* is to be done."

"But you have not heard of my good luck. I am going to Lady Augusta's, and am to have forty guineas salary. Now, if you and Arthur will help, it may be easy. Oh, Hamish, it would be worth any effort—any struggle. Think how it would be rewarded! Papa restored to health! to freedom from pain!"

A look of positive pain seated itself on the brow of Hamish.

"Yes," he sighed, "I wish it could be done."

"But you do not speak hopefully."

"Because, if I must tell you the truth, I do not feel hopefully. I fear we could not do it: at least, until things are brighter."

"If we do our very best, we might get great help, Hamish."

"What help?" he asked.

"God's help," she whispered.

Hamish smiled. He had not yet learnt what Constance had. Besides, Hamish was just then in a little trouble on his own account: he knew very well that *his* funds were wanted in another quarter.

"Constance, dear, do not look at me so wistfully. I will try, with all my might and main, to help my father; but I fear I cannot do anything yet. I mean to draw in my expenses," he went on, laughing; "to live like any old screw of a miser, and never squander a halfpenny where a farthing will suffice."

He took his books and went in to Mr. Channing. Constance began training the honeysuckle, her mind busy, and a verse of Holy Writ running through it—"Commit thy way unto the Lord, and put thy trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass."

"Ay!" she murmured, glancing upwards at the blue evening sky; "our whole, whole trust in patient reliance; and whatsoever is best for us will be ours."

Annabel stole up to Constance, and entwined her arms caressingly round her. Constance turned, and parted the child's hair upon her forehead with a gentle hand.

"Am I to find a little rebel in you, Annabel? Will you not try and make things smooth for me?"

"Oh, Constance, dear!" was the whispered answer, "it was only my fun last night, when I said you should not take me for lessons in an evening. I will study all day by myself, and get my lessons quite ready for you, so as to give you no trouble in the evening. Would you like to hear me my music now?"

Constance bent to kiss her.

"No, dear child; there is no necessity for my taking you in an evening, until my days shall be occupied at Lady Augusta Yorke's."

CHAPTER VII.

MR. KETCH.

Mrs. Channing sat with her children. Breakfast was over, and she had the Bible open before her. Never since their earliest years of understanding, had she failed to assemble them together for the few minutes' reading, morning and evening. Not for too long at once; she knew the value of *not tiring* young children, when she was leading them to feel an interest in sacred things. She would take Hamish, a little fellow of three years old, upon her knee, read to him a short Bible story, suitable to his age, and then talk to him. Talk to him in a soft, loving, gentle tone, of God, of Jesus, of Heaven, of his duties in this world, of what he must do to attain to everlasting peace in the next. Day by day, step by step, untiringly, unceasingly, had she thus labored to awaken good in the child's heart, to train it to holiness, to fill it with a love of God. As the other children came on in years, she, in like manner, took them. From simple Bible stories to more advanced Bible stories, and thence to the Bible itself; with other books at times and seasons; a little reading, a little conversation, Gospel truths impressed upon them from her earnest lips. Be you very sure that where this great duty of all duties is left unfulfilled by a mother, a child is not brought up as it ought to be. Win your child to love heavenly things in his early years, and he will not forget them when he is old. It will be as a very shield, compassing him about through life. He may wander astray—there is no telling—in the hey-day of his hot-blooded youth, for the world's temptations are as a running fire, scorching all that venture into its heat; but the good foundation has been laid, and the earnest, incessant prayers have gone up, and he will find his way home again.

Mrs. Channing closed the Bible, and spoke as usual. It was all that teaching should be. Good lessons as to this world; loving pictures of that to come. She had contrived to impress them, not with the too popular notion that Heaven was a far-off place up in the skies, some vague millions of miles away, and to which we might be millions of years off; but that it was very near to them, that God was ever present with them; and that death, when he came, should be looked upon as a friend, not an enemy. Hamish was three-and-twenty years old now, but he loved those minutes of instruction as he had done when a child. They had borne their fruit for him and for all; though not, as I have before observed, in an equal degree.

The reading over, and the conversation over, she gave the book to Constance to put away, and the boys rose, and prepared to enter upon their several occupations. It was not the beginning of the day for Tom and Charles, for they had been already to early school.

"Is papa so very much worse to-day, mamma?" asked Tom.

"I did not say he was worse, Tom," replied Mrs. Channing. "I said he had passed a restless night, and felt tired and weak."

"Thinking over that confounded law-suit," cried hot, thoughtless Tom.

"Thomas!" reproved Mrs. Channing.

"I beg your pardon, mamma. Unorthodox words are the fashion in the school, and one must catch them. I forget myself when I repeat them before you."

"To repeat them before me is no worse than repeating them behind me, Tom."

Tom laughed.

"Very true, mamma. It was not a logical excuse. But I am sure the news, brought to us by the mail on Wednesday night, is enough to put a saint out of temper. Had there been anything unjust in it, had the money not been rightly ours, it would have been different; but to be deprived of what is legally our own—"

"Not legally—as it turns out," struck in Hamish.

"Justly, then," said Tom. "It's too bad—especially as we don't know whatever we shall do without it."

"Tom, you are not to look at the dark side of things," cried Constance, in a pretty, wilful, commanding manner. "We shall do very well without it; it remains to be proved whether we shall not do better than with it."

"Children, I wish to say a word to you upon this subject," said Mrs. Channing. "When the news arrived, I was, you know, almost overwhelmed with it; not seeing, as Tom says, whatever we were to do without the money. In the full shock of the disappointment, it wore for me its worst aspect; a far more sombre one than the case really merited. But, now that I have had time to see it in its true light, my disappointment has subsided. I consider that we took a completely wrong view of it. Had the decision deprived us of the income we enjoy, then indeed it would have been grievous; but in reality it deprives us of nothing. Not one single privilege that we possessed before, does it take from us; not a single expense will it cost us. We looked to this money to do many things with; but its not coming renders us no worse off than we were. It has caused us to get behind-hand with our bills; and those we must gradually pay off in the best way we can; it takes from us the power to article Arthur, and it straitens us in many ways; for, as you grow up, you grow more expensive. This is the extent of the ill, except—"

"Oh, mamma, you forget! The worst ill of all is, that papa cannot now go to Germany."

"I was about to say that, Arthur. But other means for his going thither may be found. Understand me, my dears; I do not see any means, or chance of means at present; you must not fancy that; but it is possible that they may arise with the time of need. One service, at any rate, the decision has rendered me."

"Service?" echoed Tom.

"Yes," smiled Mrs. Channing. "It has proved to me that my children are loving and dutiful. Instead of repining, as some might, they are already seeking how they may make up, themselves, for the money that has not come. And Constance begins it."

"Don't fear us, mother," cried Hamish, with his sunny smile. "We will be of more use to you yet, than the money would have been."

They dispersed—Hamish to his office, Arthur to Mr. Galloway's, Tom and Charles to the cloisters, that famous play-place of the college school. Stolen pleasures, it is said, are sweetest: and, just because there had been a stir lately among the cathedral clergy, touching the desirability of forbidding the cloisters to the boys for play, so much the more eager were they to frequent them.

As Arthur was going down Close street, he encountered Mr. Williams, the cathedral organist, striding along with a roll of music in his hand. He was Arthur's music master; for, when Arthur Channing was in the choir, college school-boy, he had displayed considerable taste for music; and it was decided that a he should learn the organ. He had continued to take lessons after he left the choir, and did so still.

"I was thinking of coming round to speak to you to-day, Mr. Williams."

"What about?" asked the organist. "Anything pressing?"

"Well, you have heard, of course, that that suit is given against us, so I don't mean to continue the organ. They have said nothing to me at home; but it is of no use spending money that might be saved. But I see you are in too great a hurry, to stay to talk now."

"Hurry! I am hurried off my legs," cried the organist. "If a dozen or two of my pupils would give up learning, as you talk of doing, I should only be obliged to them. I have more work than I can attend to. And now Jupp must go and lay himself up; and I have the services to attend myself, morning and afternoon!"

Mr. Jupp was assistant organist. An apprentice to Mr. Williams, but just out of his time.

"What ails Jupp?" asked Arthur.

"A little bit of fever, and a great deal of laziness," responded Mr. Williams. "He is the laziest fellow alive. Since his uncle died, and that money came to him, he doesn't care a straw how things go. He was copyist to the cathedral, and he gave that up last week. I have asked Sandon, the lay-clerk, if he will take the copying, but he declines. He is another lazy one."

The organist hurried off. Arthur strove to detain him for another word or two, but it was of no use. So he continued his way to Mr. Galloway's.

Busy enough were his thoughts there. His fingers were occupied with writing, but his mind went roaming without leave. This post of copyist of music to the cathedral, which appeared to be going begging; why should not he undertake it, if Mr. Williams would give it him? He was competent to do so, and though he very much disliked music-copying, that was nothing; he was not going to set up his dislikes and humor them. He had but a vague idea what might be the remuneration; ten, or twelve, or fifteen pounds a-year, he fancied it might bring him in. Better that than nothing; it would be a beginning to follow in the wake that Constance had commenced; and he could do it evenings, or other odd times. "I won't lose an hour in asking for it," thought Arthur.

At one o'clock, when he was released from the office, he ran through the Boundaries to the cloisters, intending to pass through them on his way to the house of the organist, that being rather a nearer road to it, than if he had gone round the town. The sound of the organ, however, struck upon his ear, causing him to assume that it was the organist who was playing. Arthur tried the cathedral door, found it open, and went in.

Mr. Williams it was. He had been trying some new music, and he rose from the organ as Arthur got to the top of the stairs, no very pleasant expression on his countenance.

"What is the matter?" asked Arthur, perceiving that something had put him out.

"I hate ingratitude," responded Mr. Williams. "Jenkins," called out he to the old bedesman, who had been blowing for him, "you may go to your dinner, I shan't want you any more, now."

Old Jenkins hobbled down from the organ-loft, and Mr. Williams continued to Arthur—

"Would you believe that Jupp has withdrawn himself entirely?"

"From the college?" exclaimed Arthur.

"From the college, and from me. His father comes to me, an hour ago, and says he is sure Jupp's in a bad state of health, and he intends to send him to his relatives in the Scotch mountains for some months, to try and get him hardy. Not a word of apology, for leaving me at a pinch."

"It will be very inconvenient for you," said Arthur. "I suppose that new apprentice of yours is of no use yet for the services?"

"Use!" irascibly retorted Mr. Williams; "he could not play a psalm if it were to save his life. I depended upon Jupp. It was an understood thing that he should stop with me as assistant; had it not been, I should have taken good care to bring somebody on to replace him. As to my attending the services on week-days myself, it's next door to an impossibility. If I do, my teaching business is ruined."

"I wish I was at liberty," said Arthur; "I would take them for you."

"Look here, Channing," said the organist, "since I had this information of old Jupp's, my brain has been worrying itself pretty well, as you may imagine. Now, there's nobody I would rather trust to take the week-day services than you, for you are fully capable, and I have got you into my own style of playing; I never could get Jupp entirely into it; he is too fond of noise and flourishes. It has struck me that perhaps Mr. Galloway might spare you: his office is not overdone with work, and I would make it worth your while."

Arthur, somewhat bewildered at the proposal, sat down on one of the stools, and stared, not answering.

"You will not be offended at my saying that I speak in consequence of your telling me this morning you could not afford to go on with your lessons," resumed the organist. "But for that, I should not have thought of proposing such a thing to you. What capital practice it would be for you, too!"

"The best proof to convince you I am not offended, is to tell you what brings me here now," said Arthur, in a cordial tone. "I understood you this morning that you were at a loss for some one to undertake the copying of the cathedral music; I came to ask you to give it to me."

"You may have it, and welcome," said Mr. Williams. "That's nothing: I want to know about the services."

"It would take me an hour, morning and afternoon, from the office," debated Arthur. "I wonder whether Mr. Galloway would let me go an hour earlier and stay an hour later to make up for it?"

"You can put the question to him. I dare say he will: especially as he is on terms of friendship with your father. I would give you—let me see," deliberated the organist, falling into a musing attitude—"I would give you twelve pounds a quarter. Say fifty pounds a year, if you stay with me so long. And you should have nothing to do with the choristers—I'd practise them myself."

Arthur's face flushed. It was a great temptation: and the question flashed over his mind whether it would not be well to leave Mr. Galloway's, as his prospects there appeared to be blighted, and embrace this, if that gentleman declined to allow him the requisite hours of absence. Fifty pounds a year! "And," he spoke unconsciously aloud, "there would be the copying besides."

"Oh, that's not much," cried the organist. "That's paid by the sheet."

"I should like it so excessively!" exclaimed Arthur.

"Well, just turn it over in your mind. But you must let me know at once, Channing; by to-morrow at the latest. If you cannot take it I must find somebody else."

Arthur Channing went out of the cathedral, hardly knowing whether he stood on his head or his heels. "Constance said that God would help us!" was his grateful thought.

Such a whirlwind of noise! Arthur, when he reached the cloisters, found himself in the midst of the college boys, who were just let out of school. Leaping, shouting, pushing, scuffling, playing, contending! Arthur had not so very long ago been a college boy himself, and enjoyed the fun.

"How are you, old fellows—jolly?"

They gathered around him: Arthur was a favorite with them; had been always, when he was in the school. The elder boys loftily commanded off the juniors, who had to retire to a respectful distance.

"I say, Channing, there's the stunningest go!" began Bywater, dancing a triumphant hornpipe. "You know Jupp? Well, he has been and sent in word to Williams that he is about to die, or something of that, and it's necessary he should go off on the spree, to get himself well again. Old Jupp came this morning, just as college was over, and said it; and Williams, he's in the jolliest rage; going to be left without anybody to take the organ. It will just pay him out, for being such a tyrant to us choristers."

"Perhaps I am going to take it," returned Arthur.

"You?—what a cram!"

"It is not, indeed," said Arthur. "I shall take it if I can get leave from Mr. Galloway. Williams has just asked me."

"Is that true, Arthur?" burst forth Tom Channing, elbowing his way to the front.

"Now, Tom, should I say it if it were not true? I only hope Mr. Galloway will throw no difficulty in my way."

"And do you mean to say that you are going to be cock over us choristers?" asked Bywater.

"No, thank you," laughed Arthur. "Mr. Williams will best fill that honor. Bywater, has the mystery of the inked surplice come to light?"

"No, and be shot to it! The master's in a regular way over it, though, and—"

"And what do you think?" eagerly interrupted Tod Yorke, whose face was ornamented with several shades of fine color, blue, green, and yellow, the result of the previous day's pugilistic encounter; "my brother Roland heard the master say he suspected one of the seniors."

Arthur Channing looked inquiringly at Gaunt. The latter tossed his head haughtily.

"Roland Yorke must have made some mistake," he observed to Arthur. "It is perfectly out of the question that the master can suspect a senior. I can't imagine where the school could have picked up the notion."

Gaunt was standing with Arthur as he spoke, and the three seniors, Channing, Huntley and Yorke, happened to be in a line facing them. Arthur regarded them one by one.

"You don't look very like committing such a thing as that, any one of you," he laughed. "It is curious, where the notion can have come from."

"Such absurdity!" ejaculated Gerald Yorke. "As if it were likely Pye would suspect one of us seniors! It's not believable!"

"Not at all believable you would do it," said Arthur. "Had it been the result of accident, of course you would have hastened to declare it, any one of you three."

As Arthur spoke, he involuntarily turned his eyes on the sea of faces behind the three seniors, as if searching for signs in some countenance among them by which he might recognize the culprit."

"My goodness!" uttered the senior boy, to Arthur. "Had any one of those three done such a thing—accident or no accident—and not declared it, he'd get his name struck off the rolls. A junior may get pardoned for things that a senior cannot."

"Besides, there'd be the losing his chance of the seniorship, and of the exhibition," cried one from the throng of boys in the rear.

"How are you progressing for the seniorship?" asked Arthur, of the three. "Which of you stands the best chance?"

"I think Channing does," freely spoke up Harry Huntley.

"Why?"

"Because our progress is so equal that I

don't think one will get ahead of another, so that the choice cannot be made that way; and Channing's name stands first on the rolls."

"Who is to know if they'll give us fair play and no humbug?" said Tom Channing.

"If they do, it will be what they have never given yet!" exclaimed Stephen Bywater. "Kissing goes by favor."

"Ah, but I heard that the dean—"

At this moment a boy dashed into the throng, scattering it right and left.

"Where are your eyes?" he whispered.

Close upon them was the dean. Arm-in-arm with him, in his hat and apron, walked the Bishop of Helstonleigh. The boys stood aside and took off their trenchers. The dean merely raised his hand in response to the salutation—he appeared to be deep in thought; but the bishop nodded freely among them.

"I heard that the dean found fault, the last time the exhibition fell, and said favor should never be shown again, so long as he was Dean of Helstonleigh," said Harry Huntley, when the clergy were beyond hearing, continuing the sentence he had been interrupted in. "I say that, with fair play, it will be Channing's; failing Channing, it will be mine; failing me, it will be Yorke's."

"Now, then!" retorted Gerald Yorke. "Why should you get the chance before me, pray?"

Huntley laughed.

"Only that *my* name heads yours on the rolls."

Once in three years there fell an exhibition for Helstonleigh college school, to send a boy to Oxford. It would be due the following Easter. Gaunt declined competition for it; he would leave the school at Michaelmas; and it was a pretty generally understood thing that whichever of the three mentioned boys should be appointed senior in his place, would be presented with the exhibition. Channing and Yorke most ardently desired to gain it; both of them from the same motive—want of funds at home to take them to the university. If Tom Channing did not gain it, he had made up his mind to pocket pride and go as a servitor. Yorke would not have done such a thing for the world; all the proud Yorke blood would be up in arms, at one of their name appearing as a servitor at the Oxford University. No. If Gerald Yorke lost the exhibition, Lady Augusta must manage to screw out funds to send him. He and Tom Channing were alike designed for the church. Harry Huntley had no such need; the son of a gentleman of good property, the exhibition was of little moment to him in a pecuniary point of view; indeed, a doubt had been whispered among the boys, whether Mr. Huntley would allow Harry to take advantage of it, if he did gain it, he being a liberal-minded and just man. Harry, of course, desired to be the successful one, for fame's sake, just as ardently as did Channing and Yorke.

"I'm blessed if here isn't that renowned functionary, Jack Ketch!"

The exclamation came from young Galloway. Limping in at one of the cloister doors, came the cloister porter, a surly man of sixty, whose temper was not improved by periodical attacks of lumbago. He and the college boys were open enemies. The porter would have rejoiced in denying them the cloisters altogether; and nothing had gladdened his grim old heart like the discussion which was said to have taken place between the dean and chapter, regarding the propriety of shutting out the boys and their noise from the cloisters, as a play place. He bore an unfortunate name—Ketch—and the boys, you may be very sure, did not fail to take advantage of it, joining to it sundry embellishments, more pointed than polite.

He came up, a ragged gig-whip in his hand, which he was fond of smacking round the throng of boys. He had never gone the length of touching one of them, and perhaps it was just as well for him that he had not.

"Now, you boys! be off, with your hullabaloo! Is this a decent noise to make around gentlefolks's doors? You don't know, may be, as Dr. Burrows is in town."

Dr. Burrows happened to live in a house which had a door opening to the cloisters. The boys retorted. The worst they gave Mr. Ketch was "chaff;" but his temper could bear anything better than that, especially if it was administered by the senior boy.

"Dear me, who's this?" began Gaunt, in a tone of ultra politeness. "Boys, do you see this gentleman who condescends to accost us? I really believe it is Sir John Ketch. What's that in his hand?—a piece of rope? Surely, Mr. Ketch, you have not been turning off that unfortunate prisoner who was condemned yesterday? Rather hasty work, sir; was it not?"

Mr. Ketch foamed. "I tell you what it is, sir. You be the senior boy, and, instead of restraining these wicked young reptiles, you edges 'em on! Take care, young gent, as I don't complain of you to the dean. Seniors have got hoisted afore now."

"Have they, really? Well, you ought to know, Mr. Calcraft. There's the dean, just gone out of the cloisters; if you make haste, Calcraft, you'll catch him up. Put your best foot foremost, and ask him if he won't report Mr. Gaunt for punishment."

The porter could have danced with rage; and his whip was smacking ominously. He did not dare advance it too near the circle when the senior boy was present, or, indeed, when any of the elder boys were.

"How's your lumbago, Mr. Ketch?" demanded Stephen Bywater. "I'd advise you to get rid of that, before the next time you go on duty; it might be in your way, you know. Never was such a thing heard of, as for the chief toppler off of the three kingdoms to be disabled in his limbs! What *would* you do? I'm afraid you'd be obliged to resign your post, and sink into private life."

"Now I just vow to goodness, as I'll do all I can to get these cloisters took from you boys," shrieked old Ketch, clasping his hands together. "There's insult as flesh and blood can't stand; and, as sure as I be living, I'll pay you out for it."

He turned tail and hobbled off, as he spoke, and the boys raised "three groans for Jack Ketch," and then rushed away by the other entrance to their own dinners. The fact was, the porter had brought the ill-will upon himself, through his cross-grained temper. He had no right whatever to interfere between the boys and the cloisters; it was not his place to do so. The king's scholars knew this; and, being spirited king's scholars, as they were, would not stand it.

"Tom," said Arthur Channing, "don't say anything at home about the organ. Wait and see if I get it, first. Charley did not hear; he was ordered off with the juniors."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ASSISTANT-ORGANIST.

Things often seem to go by the rule o' contrary. Arthur returned to the office at two o'clock, brim-full of the favor he was going to solicit of Mr. Galloway; but he encountered present disappointment. For the first time for many weeks, Mr. Galloway did not make his appearance in the office at all; he was out the whole of the afternoon. Roland Yorke, to whom Arthur imparted the plan, ridiculed it.

"Catch me taking such a task upon myself! If I could play the organ like a Mendelssohn—fit to send the folks into ecstacies—I'd never saddle myself with the worry of doing it morning and afternoon. You'll soon be sick of the bargain, Channing."

"I should never be sick of it if I did it for nothing: I am too fond of music for that; and it will be a very easy way of earning money."

"Not so easy as making your mother stump up," was the reply; and if your refinement turns from the expression, my good reader, I am sorry you should have to read it; but it is what Mr. Roland Yorke *said*. "I had a regular scene with Lady Augusta this morning. It's the most unreasonable thing in the world, you know, Channing, for her to think I can live without money, and so I told her—said I must and would have it, in fact."

"Did you get it?"

"Of course I did. I wanted to pay Simms, and one or two more trifles that were pressing; I was not going to have the fellow here after me again. I wish such a thing as money had never been invented, I do."

"You may as well wish we could live without eating."

"So I do, sometimes—when I go home, expecting a good dinner, and there's only some horrid cold stuff upon the table. There never was a worse housekeeper than Lady Augusta. It's my belief, our servants must live like fighting cocks; for I am sure the bills are heavy enough, and *we* don't get their benefit."

"What made you so late this afternoon?" asked Arthur.

"I went round to pay Simms, for one thing; and then I called in upon Hamish, and stayed talking with him. Wasn't he in a sea of envy when I told him I had been scoring off that Simms! He wished he could do the same."

"Hamish does not owe anything to Simms!" cried Arthur, with hasty retort.

"Doesn't he?" laughed Roland Yorke. "That's all you know about it. Ask him for yourself."

"If you please, sir," interposed Mr. Jenkins, at this juncture, "I shall soon be waiting for that paper. Mr. Galloway directed me to send it off by post."

"Bother the paper!" returned Roland; but, nevertheless, he applied himself to complete it. He was in the habit of discoursing upon private topics before Mr. Jenkins without any reserve, regarding him as a perfect nonentity.

When Arthur went home in the evening, he found Mr. Galloway sitting with his father.

"Well," cried the proctor, as Arthur entered, "and who has been at the office this afternoon?"

"Nobody particular, sir. Oh, yes, there has, though—I forgot. The dean looked in, and wanted to see you."

"What did he want?"

"He did not say, sir. He told Jenkins it would do another time."

Arthur left his father and Mr. Galloway together. He did not broach the subject that was uppermost in his heart. Gifted with rare delicacy of feeling, he would not speak to Mr. Galloway until he could see him alone. To prefer the request in his father's presence might have caused Mr. Galloway more trouble in refusing it.

"I can't think what has happened to Arthur this evening!" exclaimed one of them.—"His spirits are up to fever heat. Tell us what it is, Arthur?"

Arthur laughed—

"I hope they will not get lowered within the next hour; that's all."

When he heard Mr. Galloway leaving, he hastened after him, and overtook him in the Boundaries.

"I wanted to say a few words to you, sir, if you please?"

"Say on," said Mr. Galloway. "Why did you not say them in doors?"

"I scarcely know how I shall say them now, sir; for it is a very great favor that I have to ask you, and you may be angry, perhaps, at my thinking you might grant it."

"You want holiday, I suppose?"

"Oh, no, sir; nothing of that. I want—"

"Well?" cried Mr. Galloway, surprised at his hesitation; but now that the moment of preferring the request had come, Arthur shrank from doing it.

"Could you allow me, sir,—would it make very much difference—to allow me—to come to the office an hour earlier, and remain in it an hour later?" stammered Arthur.

"What for?" exclaimed Mr. Galloway, with marked surprise.

"I have had an offer made me, sir, to take the college organ at week-day service. I should very much like to accept it, if it could be managed."

"Why, where's Jupp?" uttered Mr. Galloway.

"Jupp has resigned. He is ill, and is going out for his health. I'll tell you how it all happened, sir," went on Arthur, losing diffidence now that he was fairly launched upon his subject. "Of course this failure of the suit makes a great difference to our prospects at home; it renders it incumbent upon us to do what we can to help—"

"Why does it?" interrupted Mr. Galloway. "It may make a difference to your future ease, but it makes none to your present means."

"There is money wanted in many ways, sir; the favorable termination of the suit was counted upon so certainly. For one thing, it is necessary that my father should try the German baths."

"Of course, he must try them," cried Mr. Galloway.

"But it will cost money, sir," deprecated Arthur. "Altogether, we have determined to do what we can. Constance set us the example, by engaging to attend as daily governess at Lady Augusta's. She goes on Monday."

"Very commendable of her," observed the proctor, who loved a gossip like any old woman. "I hope she'll not let those two unruly girls worry her to death."

"And I was casting about in my mind, this morning, what I could do to help, when I met the organist," proceeded Arthur. "He chanced to say that he could find nobody to take the music copying. Well, sir, I thought it over, and at one o'clock I went to ask him to give it to me. I found him at the organ, in a state of vexation. Jupp had resigned his post, and Mr. Williams had nobody to replace him with. The long and the short of it is, sir, that he offered it to me."

"And did you accept it?" crossly responded Mr. Galloway.

"Of course I could not do that, sir, until I had spoken to you. If it were possible that I could make up the two hours to you, I should be very glad to take it."

"And do it for nothing, I suppose?"

"Oh, no. He would give me fifty pounds a-year. And there would be the copying, besides."

"That's a great deal!" cried Mr. Galloway.

"It appears to me to be good pay," replied Arthur. "But he would lose a vast deal more than that, if he had to attend the cathedral himself. He said it would ruin his teaching connection."

"Ah! Self-interest—two for himself and one for you!" ejaculated the proctor. "What does Mr. Channing say?"

"I have said nothing at home. It was of no use telling them, until I had spoken to you. Now that my prospects are gone—"

"What prospects?" interrupted Mr. Galloway.

"My articles to you, sir. Of course, there's no chance of them now."

Mr. Galloway grunted—

"The ruin that Chancery suits work!—Mark you, Arthur Channing, this is such a thing that never was asked a proctor before—leave of absence for two hours in the best part of the day! If I grant it, it will be out of the great friendship I bear your father."

"Oh, sir! I shall never forget the obligation."

"Take care you don't. You must come and work for two hours before breakfast in a morning."

"Willingly—readily!" exclaimed Arthur Channing, his face in a glow. "Then may I really tell Mr. Williams that I can accept it?"

"If I don't say yes, I suppose you'd magnify me into a sullen old bear, as bad as Ketch the porter. You may accept it. Stop!" thundered Mr. Galloway, coming to a dead standstill.

Arthur was startled.

"What now, sir?"

"Are you to be the instructor of those random dogs, the choristers?"

"Oh, no; I shall have nothing to do with that."

"Very good. If you *had* taken to them, I should have recommended you to guard against such a specimen of singing as was displayed the other day before the judges."

Arthur laughed; spoke a word of heartfelt thanks; and took his way off-hand to the residence of the organist, as light as any bird.

"I have got leave, Mr. Williams! I may take the place!" he exclaimed, with scant ceremony, when he found himself in that gentleman's presence, who was at tea with his wife. "Mr. Galloway has authorized me to accept it. How do you do, Mrs. Williams?"

"That's a great weight off my mind, then!" cried the organist. "I set that dolt of an apprentice of mine to play the folks out of college, this afternoon, when service was over, and—of all performances! Six mistakes he made in three bars, and broke down at last. I could have boxed his ears. The dean was standing below when I got down. 'Who was that playing, Mr. Williams?' he demanded. So, I told him about Jupp's ill-behaviour in leaving me, and that I had offered the place to you. 'But is Channing fully competent?' cried he—for you know what a fine ear for music the dean has—'besides,' he added, 'is he not at Galloway's?' I said we hoped Mr. Galloway would spare him, and that I would answer for his competency. So, mind, Channing, you must put on the steam, and not disgrace my guarantee. I don't mean the steam of *noise*, or that you should go through the service with all the stops out."

Arthur laughed in answer to the laugh of Mr. Williams, and declining the invitation to remain and partake of tea, he went out. He was anxious to impart the news at home. A few steps on his road, he overtook Hamish.

"Where do you spring from?" exclaimed Hamish, passing his arm within Arthur's.

"From concluding an agreement that will bring me in fifty pounds a-year," said Arthur.

"Gammon, Master Arthur!"

"It is *not* gammon, Hamish. It is sober truth."

Hamish turned and looked at him, aroused by something in the tone.

"And what are you to do for it?"

"Just pass a couple of hours a day, delighting my own ears and heart. Do you remember what Constance said, last night? Hamish, it is *wonderful*, that this help should so soon have come to me!"

"Stay! Where are you going?" interrupted Hamish, as Arthur was turning into a side street.

"This is the nearest way home."

"I had rather not go that way."

"Why?" exclaimed Arthur, in surprise. "Hamish, how you look! What is the matter?"

"Must I tell you? It is for your ear alone, mind. There's a certain tradesman's house there, that I'd rather not pass; he has a habit of coming out and dunning me. Do you remember Mr. Dick Swiveller?"

Hamish laughed gaily. He would have laughed on his road to prison; it was his nature. But Arthur seemed to take a downward leap from his high ropes.

"Is it Simms?" he breathed.

"No, it is not Simms. Who has been telling you anything about Simms, Arthur? It is not so very much that I owe Simms. What is this good-luck of yours?"

Arthur did not immediately reply. A dark shadow had fallen upon his spirit, like a forerunner of evil.

CHAPTER IX.

HAMISH'S CANDLES.

Old Judith sat in her kitchen. Her hands were clasped upon her knees, and her head was bent in thought. Rare, indeed, was it to catch Judith indulging in a moment's idleness. She appeared to be holding soliloquy with herself.

"It's the most incomprehensible thing in the world! I have heard of ghosts—and, talking about ghosts, that child was in a tremor last night again—I'm sure he was.—Brave little heart! he goes up to bed in the dark on purpose to break himself of the fear. I went in for them shirts missis told me of, and he started like anything, and his face turned white. He hadn't heard me till I was in the room. I'd got no candle, and 'twas enough to startle him. 'Oh, is it you, Judith?' said he, quietly, making believe to be as indifferent as may be. I struck a light, for I couldn't find the shirts, and then I saw his white face. He can't overget the fear; 'twas implanted in him in his babyhood: and I only wish I could get that wicked girl punished as I'd punish her, for it was her work. But about the 'tother? I have heard of ghosts walking,—though thank goodness I'm not frighted at 'em like the child is!—but for a young man to go up stairs night after night, pretending to go to rest, and sitting up till morning light, is what I never did hear on. If it was once in a chance way, 'twould be a different thing; but it's always. I'm sure it's pretty nigh a year since I—"

"Why, Judith, you are in a brown study!"

The interruption came from Constance, who had entered the kitchen to give an order. Judith looked up.

"I'm in a peck of trouble, Miss Constance. And the worst is, I don't know whether to tell about it or to keep it in. He'd not like it to get to missis's ears, I know; but then, you see, perhaps I ought to tell her—for his sake."

Constance smiled.

"Would you like to tell me instead of mamma? Charley has been at some mischief again, among the saucepans. Burnt out more bottoms, perhaps?"

"Not he, the darling!" resentfully rejoined Judith. "The burning out of that one was enough for him. I'm sure he took contrition to himself, like as if it had been made of gold."

"What is it, then?"

"Well," said Judith, looking round, as if fearing the walls would hear, and speaking in a mysterious tone, "it's about Mr. Hamish. I don't know but I *will* tell you, Miss Constance, and it'll be, so far, a weight off my mind. I was just saying to myself that I had heard of ghosts walking, but what Mr. Hamish does every blessed night, I never did hear of in all my born days."

Constance felt a little startled.

"What does he do?" she hastily asked.

"You know, Miss Constance, my bedroom's overhead, above the kitchen here, and being built out on the side, I can see the windows at the back of the house from it—like we can see 'em from this kitchen window, for the matter of that, if we put our heads out. About a twelvemonth ago—I'm sure it's not far short of it—I took to notice that the light in Mr. Hamish's chamber wasn't put out so soon as it was in the other rooms. So, one night, when I was half crazy with that face-ache—you remember my having it, Miss Constance?—and knew I shouldn't get to sleep if I lay down, I thought I'd just see how long he kept it in. Would you believe, Miss Constance, that at three o'clock in the morning his light was still burning?"

"Well," said Constance, feeling the tale was not half told.

"I thought, what on earth could he be after: I might have feared that he had got into bed and left it alight by mistake, but that I saw his shadow once or twice pass the blind. Well, I didn't say a word to him next day—I thought he might not like it: but my mind wouldn't be easy, and I looked out again, and I found that, night after night, that light was in. Miss Constance, I thought I'd trick him; so I took care to put just about a inch of candle in his bed candlestick, and no more; but, law bless me! when folks is bent on forbidden things, it is not candle-ends that will stop 'em!"

"I suppose you mean that the light burnt still, in spite of your precaution?" said Constance.

"It just did," returned Judith. "He gets into my kitchen and robs my candle-box, I thought to myself. So I counted my candles and marked 'em; and I found I was wrong, for they wasn't touched. But one day, when I was putting his cupboard to rights, I came upon a paper right at the back. Two great big composite candles it had got in it, and another half burnt away. Oh, this is where you keep your store, my young master, is it? I thought. They were them big round things which seems never to burn to an end, three to the pound."

Constance made no reply. Judith gathered breath, and continued—

"I took upon myself to speak to him. I told him it wasn't well for anybody's health, to sit up at night, in that fashion; not counting the danger he ran of setting the house on fire and burning us all to cinders in our beds. He laughed—you know his way, Miss Constance—and said he'd take care of his health and of the house, and I was just to make myself easy and hold my tongue, and that *I* need not be uneasy about fire, for I could open my window and drop into the rain-water barrel, and there I should be safe. But in spite of his joking tone, there ran through it a sound of command; and from that hour to this, I have never opened my lips about it to nobody living."

"And he burns the light still?"

"Except Saturday and Sunday nights, it's always alight, longer or shorter. Them two nights, he gets into bed respectable, like the rest of the house do. You have noticed, Miss Constance, that, the evenings he is not out, he'll go up to his chamber by half-past nine or ten?"

"Frequently," assented Constance. "As soon as the reading is over, he will wish us good-night."

"Well, them nights, when he goes up early, he puts his light out sooner—by twelve, or by half-past, or by one; but when he spends his evenings out, not getting home until eleven, he'll have it burning till two or three in the morning."

"Whatever can he sit up for?" involuntarily exclaimed Constance.

"I don't know, unless it is that the work at the office is too heavy for him," said Judith. "He has got his own work to do there, and master's as well."

"It is not at all heavy," said Constance. "It cannot be that."

"It has to do with the office books, for certain," returned Judith. "Why else is he so particular in taking 'em into his room every night?"

"He takes—them—for safety," spoke Constance, in a very hesitating manner, as if not feeling perfectly assured of the grounds for her assertion."

"May be," sniffed Judith, in disbelief. "It can't be, that he sits up to read," she resumed. "Nobody in their senses would do that. Reading may be pleasant to some folks, especially them story books; but sleep is pleasanter. *This last two or three blessed nights*, since that ill news come to make us miserable, I question if he has gone to bed at all, for his candle has only been put out when daylight come to shame it."

"But, Judith, how do you know all this?" exclaimed Constance, after a few minutes' reflection. "You surely don't sit up to watch the light?"

"Pretty fit I should be for my work in the morning, if I did! No, Miss Constance. I moved my bed round to the other corner, so as I could see his window as I lay in it; and I have got myself into a habit of waking up at all hours and looking. Truth to say, I'm not easy; for fire is sooner set alight than put out; and if there's the water butt for me to drop into, there ain't water butts for the rest of the house."

"Very true," murmured Constance, speaking as if she were in a deep reverie.

"Nobody knows the bother this has been upon my mind," resumed Judith. "Every night, when I have seen his window a-shining, I have said to myself, 'I'll tell my mistress of this when morning comes;' but, when the morning has come, my resolution has failed me. It might worry her, and anger Mr. Hamish, and do no good after all. If he really has not got time for his books in the day, why he must do 'em at night, I suppose; it would never do for him to fall off, and let the master's means drop through. What ought to be done, Miss Constance?"

"I really do not know, Judith," replied Constance. "You must let me think about it."

She fell into an unpleasant reverie. The most feasible solution she could come to, was the one adopted by Judith—that Hamish passed his nights at the books. If so, how sadly he must idle away his time in the day! Did he give his hours up to nonsense and pleasure? And how could he contrive to hide his shortcomings from Mr. Channing? Constance was not sure whether the books went regularly under the actual inspection of Mr. Channing, or whether Hamish went over them aloud. If only the latter, could the faults be hid? She knew nothing of book-keeping, and was unable to say. Leaving her to puzzle over the matter, we will return to Hamish himself.

We left him in the last chapter, you may remember, objecting to go down a certain side street, which would have cut off a short distance of their road; his excuse to Arthur being, that a troublesome creditor of his lived in it. The plea was a true one. Not to make a mystery of it, it may as well be acknowledged that Hamish had contracted some debts, and that he found it difficult to pay them. They were not many, and a moderate sum would have settled them; but that moderate sum Hamish did not possess. Let us give him his due: but that he had fully counted upon a time of wealth being close at hand, it is probable he never would have contracted them. When Hamish erred, it was invariably from thoughtlessness—from carelessness—never from deliberate intention.

Arthur, of course, turned from the objectionable street and continued his straightforward course. They were frequently impeded; the streets were always crowded at assize time, and acquaintances perpetually stopped them. Among others, they met Roland Yorke.

"Are you coming round to Cator's to-night?" he asked of Hamish.

"Not I," returned Hamish, with his usual gay laugh; "I am going to draw in my expenses, and settle down into a miser."

"Moonshine!" cried Roland.

"Is it moonshine, though? It is just a little bit of serious fact, Yorke. When lord chancellors turn against us and dash our hopes, we can't go on as though the exchequer had no bottom to it."

"It will cost you nothing to come to Cator's. He is expecting one or two chaps, and he has laid in a prime lot of manillas."

"Evening visiting costs a great deal, one way or another," returned Hamish, "and I intend to drop most of mine for the present. You need not stare so, Yorke."

"I am staring at you. Drop evening visiting! Anybody dropping that, may look to be in a lunatic asylum in six months."

"What a prospect for me!" laughed Hamish.

"*Will* you come to Cator's?"

"No, thank you."

"Then you are a muff!" retorted Roland, as he hastened on.

It was dusk when they reached the cathedral.

"I wonder whether the cloisters are still open?" Arthur exclaimed.

"It will not take a minute to ascertain," said Hamish. "If not, we must go round."

They found the cloisters still unclosed, and passed in. Gloomy and sombre, were they, at that evening hour. So sombre that, in proceeding along the west quadrangle, the two young men positively started, when some dark figure glided from within a niche and stood in their way.

"Whose ghost are you?" cried Hamish.

A snort, covert whistle of surprise answered him.

"You here?" cried the figure, in a tone of excessive disappointment. "What brings you in the cloisters so late as this?"

Hamish dexterously wound him towards what little light was cast from the graveyard, and discerned the features of Hurst. Half-a-dozen more figures brought themselves out of the niches—Stephen Bywater, young Galloway, Tod Yorke, Harrison, Hall, and Berkeley.

"Let me alone, Mr. Hamish Channing. Hush! Don't make a row."

"What mischief is going on, Hurst?" asked Hamish.

"Well, whatever it may have been, it strikes me you have stopped it," was the reply of Hurst. "I say, wasn't there the Boundaries for you to go through, without coming bothering into the cloisters?"

"I am sorry to have spoiled sport," laughed Hamish; "I should not have liked it done to me, when I was a college boy. Let us know what the treason was."

"You won't tell?"

"No; if it is nothing very bad. Honor bright."

"Stop a bit, Hurst," hastily interposed Bywater. "There's no knowing what he may think 'very bad.' Give generals, not particulars. Here the fellow comes, I do believe!"

"It was only a trick we were going to serve old Ketch," whispered Hurst. "Come out quietly; better that he should not hear us, or it may spoil sport for another time. Gently, boys!"

Hurst and the rest stole round the cloisters, and out at the south door. Hamish and Arthur followed, more leisurely, and less silently. Ketch came up.

"Who's this here a-hunting the cloisters at this time o' night? Who be you, I ask?"

"The cloisters are free until they are closed, Ketch," cried Hamish.

"Nobody haven't got no right to pass through 'em at this hour, except the clergy theirselves," grumbled the porter. "We shall have them boys a-playing in 'em at dark, next!"

"You should close them earlier, if you want to keep them empty," returned Hamish. "Why don't you close them at three in the afternoon?"

The porter growled. He knew that he did not dare to close them before dusk, almost dark, and he knew that Hamish knew it, too; and therefore, he looked upon the remark as a quiet bit of sarcasm.

"I wish the dean 'ud give me leave to shut them boys out of 'em," he exclaimed. "It 'ud be a jovial day for me!"

Hamish and Arthur passed out, wishing him good-night. He did not reply to it, but banged the gate on their heels, locked it, and turned to retrace his steps through the cloisters. The college boys, who had hidden themselves from his view, came forward again.

"He has got off scot-free, to-night, but perhaps he won't do so to-morrow," cried Bywater.

"Were you going to set upon him?" asked Arthur.

"We were not going to put a finger upon him; I give you my word, we were not," said Hurst.

"What, then, were you going to do?"

But the boys would not be caught.

"It might stop fun, you know, Mr. Hamish. You might get telling your brother Tom; and Tom, he might let it out to Gaunt; and Gaunt might turn crusty, and forbid it. We were going to serve the fellow out; but not to touch him, or to hurt him, and that's enough."

"As you please," said Hamish. "He is a surly old fellow."

"He is an old brute! he's a dog in a kennel! he deserves hanging!" burst from the throng of boys.

"What do you think he went and did, this afternoon?" added Hurst to the two Channings. "He sneaked up to the dean with a wretched complaint of us boys, which hadn't a word of truth in it: not a syllable, I assure you. He did it only because Gaunt had put him in a temper, at one o'clock. The dean

did not listen to him, that's one good thing. How *jolly* he'd have been, just at this moment if you two had not come up! Wouldn't he, boys?"

The boys burst into a laugh, roar upon roar, peal upon peal, shrieking and holding their sides, till the very Boundaries echoed again. Laughing is infectious, and Hamish and Arthur shrieked out with them, not knowing in the least what it was they were laughing at.

But Arthur was heavy at heart in the midst of it.

"Do you owe much money, Hamish?" he inquired, after they quitted the boys, and were walking soberly along, under the quiet elm trees.

"More than I can pay, old fellow; just at present," was the answer.

"But is it *much*, Hamish?"

"No, it is not much, taking it in the abstract. Quite a paltry sum."

Arthur caught at the word "paltry;" it seemed to dissipate his fears. Had he been alarming himself for nothing?

"Is it ten pounds, Hamish?"

"Ten pounds!" repeated Hamish, in a tone of mockery. "That would be little indeed."

"Is it fifty?"

"I daresay it may be. A pound here, and a pound there, and a few pounds yonder—yes, taking it altogether, I expect it would be fifty."

"And how much more?" thought Arthur to himself. "You said it was a paltry sum, Hamish!"

"Well, fifty pounds is not a large sum.—Though of course we estimate sums, like other things, by comparison. You can understand now, why I was not sanguine with regard to Constance's hopeful project of helping my father to get to the German baths. I, the eldest, who ought to be the first to assist in it, am the least likely. I don't know how it was I managed to get into debt," mused Hamish. "It came upon me imperceptibly; it did, indeed. I depended so entirely upon that money falling to us, that I grew careless, and would often order things which I was not in need of. Arthur, since that news came, I have felt overwhelmed with worry and botheration."

"I wish you were free!"

"If wishes were horses, we should all get on horseback. How debts grow upon you!" Hamish continued, changing his light tone for a graver one. "Until within the last day or two, when I have thought it necessary to take stock of outstanding claims, I had no idea I owed half so much."

"What shall you do about it?"

"That is more easily asked than answered. My own funds are forestalled for some time to come. And the worst is, that, now this suit is known to have terminated against us, people are not so willing to wait, as they were before. I have had no end of them after me to-day."

"How shall you contrive to satisfy them?"

"Satisfy them in some way, I must."

"But how, I ask, Hamish?"

"Rob some bank or other," replied Hamish, in his off-hand, joking way.

"Shall you speak to my father?"

"Where's the use?" returned Hamish. "He cannot help me just now: he is straitened enough himself."

"He might help you with advice. His experience is larger than yours, his judgment better. 'In the multitude of counsellors there is safety,' you know, Hamish."

"I have made up my mind to say nothing to my father. If he could assist me, I would disclose all to him, as it is, it would only be inflicting upon him unnecessary pain. Understand, Arthur, what I have said to you is in confidence: you must not speak of it to him."

"Of course not. I should not think of interfering between you and him. I wish I could help you!"

"I wish you could, old fellow. But you need not look so serious."

"How you can be so gay and careless over it, I cannot imagine," said Arthur.

Hamish laughed—

"If there's *only* a little patch of sunshine as large as a man's hand, I am sure to see it and trust to it."

"Is there any sunshine in this?"

"A little bit: and I hope it will help me out of it. I am sure I was born with a large share of hope in my composition."

"Show me the bit of sunshine, Hamish."

"I can't do that," was the answer. "I fear it is not so much the actual sunshine that's to be seen yet—only the reflection of it. You could not see it at all, Arthur; but I, as I tell you, am extravagantly hopeful."

The same ever gay tone, the same pleasant smile accompanied the words. And yet, at that moment, instead of walking straightforward to the open space beyond the elm trees, as Arthur did, Hamish withdrew his arm from his brother's and halted under their shade, peering cautiously around. They were then within view of their own door.

"What are you looking at?"

"To make sure that the coast is clear. I heard to-day—Arthur, I know that I shall shock you—that a fellow had taken out a writ against me. I don't want it to get served, if I can help it."

Arthur was indeed shocked—

"Oh, Hamish!" was all he uttered. But the tone betrayed a strange amount of pain, mingled with reproach.

"You must not think ill of me. I declare that I have been led into this scrape blindfold, as may be said. I never dreamt I was getting into it. I am not reckless by nature; and, but for the reliant expectation of that money, I should be free now as you are."

Thought upon thought was crowding over Arthur's mind. He did not speak.

"I cannot charge myself with any foolish or unnecessary expenditure," Hamish resumed, "but," in a deeper tone, "my worst enemy will not accuse me of rashly incurring debts to gratify my own pleasures. I do not get into mischief. Were I addicted to drinking or to gambling, my debts might have been ten times what they are."

"They are enough, it seems," said Arthur. But he spoke the words in sadness, not in a spirit of reproof.

"Arthur, they may prove of the greatest service, in teaching me caution for the future. Perhaps I wanted the lesson. Let me once get out of this hash, and I will take pretty good care not to step into another."

"If you only can get out of it!"

"Oh, I shall do it somehow; never fear.—Let us go on; there seems to be nobody about."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEWS ITEMS.

CONNECTICUT.—Gov. Buckingham has 2,000 majority. Last year it was 3,000. The Senate is all Republican and Union. The House stands 181 Republicans to 56 Democrats, with one town to hear from.—The vote of the State is nearly 14,000 less than last year.

THE convict Toole, who murdered the warden of the Weathersfield, Conn., prison, says he did it in order to be hung. The life imprisonment to which he was condemned had become insupportable to him.

THE Spiritualists, or at least some of them, think that the rebels get their intelligence of the designs of the Union Generals through mediums, who are able to get into their thoughts and swindle them out of their plans. The only resource of our military leaders, on this theory, is not to think at all, but wherever they see the enemy to pitch in headlong.

A LIQUOR LAW IN IOWA.—The Legislature of Iowa has just passed a bill which is exceedingly rigorous in its provisions against the sale of intoxicating liquors. Besides imposing the severest penalties for violations of the law, it provides that any person may give information where liquors are known or suspected to be kept, on which information a search warrant is obliged to be issued, and no change of venue is allowed to the accused, no matter before what Court he may be brought on the complaint. The selling of alcoholic liquors is made a penitentiary offence.

PRICE OF SLAVES.—In the Confederate States, slaves still bring high prices for Confederate money; but at Frederick, Md., the Examiner there says:—

"A likely, sound, and healthy negro woman, aged 30 years, her two children—a boy of 4 and a girl of 2 years, both well conditioned—were sold in a lot for $200; also, a likely boy, aged 10 years, for $105; and a very likely mulatto girl, aged 15, was offered and withdrawn at $95. Less than two years ago, servants of this description would readily have commanded $2,500; now they fetch $400."

DOWN ON TOBACCO.—On Friday, 11th instant, the New England Methodist Conference, sitting at Westfield, was brought to a stand in the case of a person asking admission to their connection on the objection that he *chewed tobacco!* During the discussion raised, a large majority were opposed to receiving any new member using tobacco; and so the case was laid over.

IT is stated that in the Confederate States Court at Richmond the average amount of alien enemies' property sequestrated daily is about $40,000.

THE big Lincoln gun, mounted at Fortress Monroe, in preparation for the Merrimac, throws a ball weighing 437 pounds. If the Merrimac can stand one of these pills she is proof against the appliances of modern gunnery.

OUR Minister to Holland writes:—"The late decisive successes of the United States Government in Tennessee, have produced their natural effect on this side of the water. When Charleston and Savannah shall have fallen, and our gun-boats traverse the Mississippi River, all interest in the affairs of the Confederacy will cease in Europe."

GAS FROM PETROLEUM.—The Toronto Globe states that Mr. James E. Thomson has just returned from Quebec, having secured by letters patent his process for the manufacture of gas from petroleum. The Globe adds:—"From one gallon of oil a thousand cubic feet of gas can be produced at a cost of $1, and each foot will give as much light as four feet of common gas. The flame is very pure, and no odor is perceptible. Mr. Thomson is manufacturing gasometers for public buildings, private houses and stores, and is already in communication with more than one gas company for the substitution of his apparatus and oil for the old coal gas making works."

ALL the cotton lands of Tennessee are now under our control, and we shall be able to monopolize their crops next season. We have already secured Florida, with her cotton lands, the Sea Island Carolina districts, and have now before us ready access to the cotton crops of Arkansas. These are substantial results, and will soon produce an effect in England.—*North American.*

A COPY of the Richmond Dispatch says the only policy which can afford the Secession cause a hope of success, is to concentrate their whole force at a few vital points—to abandon their frontiers and seaboard cities—and to make no serious resistance except at points where they are fully prepared for desperate battles. This plan has no doubt been, to a very great extent, adopted.

THE REBEL FORCE AT PITTSBURG LANDING.—The Southern accounts of the strength of the rebel army at Corinth, given before the battle, were probably exaggerated. They were as follows:—

Under Albert S. Johnston,	20,000
Under Braxton Bragg,	30,000
Under Nathan G. Evans,	40,000
Under Leonidas Polk,	30,000
Total,	120,000

The force under General Evans was, in all probability, nearer to 10,000 than 40,000, which would make the aggregate of the army of Corinth 90,000 men.

ORDERS have been issued for the immediate casting of fifty 15-inch Dahlgren cannon, to be placed in service on the new boats to be built after the model of the Monitor. The work will be executed at the Pittsburg foundry.

THE CONTRABANDS.—The people in country places who have been sending on applications to this city for farm and domestic help in the shape of contrabands, are informed that no more than 91 contrabands have reached this city. The number of fugitive slaves, curiously enough, also seems to be smaller than usual. We suppose it is accounted for by the well-known preference of the blacks for a more southern climate—they only coming north as a matter of necessity.

PASS CHRISTIAN OCCUPIED.—A rebel despatch dated Mobile, April 5th, says, the enemy shelled Pass Christian yesterday, and landed 2,400 men, and 12 four-pound howitzers. Our forces was 300 men and two howitzers. We made a narrow escape.

WHAT DAVIS SAYS.—On Monday Jeff. Davis addressed some wounded soldiers and said, that he intended to share their fate on the next battle-field, and come weal or woe, he would be with them.—*Richmond Paper.*

☞ Our troops in Florida have not realized the dream of Ponce de Leon by discovering in that land of flowers the fountain of eternal youth, but they have opened afresh the long-choked-up fountains of loyalty.

ROMANCE OF AN OLD COUPLE.

From the San Francisco (California) Mirror.

The following somewhat remarkable narrative is related by a Western lady, now on a visit to this city from Mariposa. She is herself a character. She has crossed the Plains twice—first in 1849, during which her husband perished—and is the first American lady who returned to the East by the way of the Isthmus of Panama. She is a genuine heroine—a fine specimen of stout-hearted Western womanhood—and her adventures in the wilds of the unpeopled West have been numerous and exciting. If the good folks of Mariposa have missed a lady from their neighborhood, they are hereby apprised that she is comfortably located at the boarding-house of Mrs. Nesbit, on the corner of Montgomery and Sutter streets, and will not return to the mountains, till Holmes, of the Gazette, ceases to harrow the hearts of Mariposa mothers by calling their little babies "brats."

Well, while the train of which this lady was a member was encamped at a point on the Humboldt, where the Lassen trail intersects the Carson track of travel, she visited the tent of a family, consisting of an elderly couple and one child—a daughter of fourteen or fifteen years. The old lady was sitting on a pile of blankets, under the canvas, encouraging a most determined attack of the "sulks," while the masculine head of affairs had planted himself on his wooden tongue, and was sucking his pipe as leisurely as though he expected to remain there forever. A single glance developed the fact that there was a difficulty in that little train of one wagon and three persons, and that it had attained a point of quiet desperation beyond the reach of peaceful adjustment. Three days before they had pitched their tent at the forks of the road, and as they could not agree upon the route by which to enter California there they had remained. The husband expressed a preference for the Carson road—the wife for the Lassen—and neither would yield. The wife declared she would remain there all winter; the husband said he should be pleased to lengthen the sojourn through the summer following.

On the morning of the fourth day, the wife broke a sullen silence of thirty-six hours by proposing a division of the property, which consisted of two yoke of cattle, one wagon, camp furniture, a small quantity of provisions, and $12 in silver. The proposal was accepted, and forthwith the "plunder" was divided, leaving the wagon to the old man and the daughter to the mother. The latter exchanged with a neighboring train the cattle belonging to her for a pony and pack saddle, and piling the daughter and her portion of the divided spoil upon the animal, she resolutely started across the desert by the Lassen trail, while the old man silently yoked the cattle and took the other rout. Singular as this may seem, it is nevertheless true.

It is among the many occurrences of life stranger than fiction. Of course both parties reached California in safety. We say "of course," for it is scarcely possible that any obstacle, death included, could have seriously interfered with the progress of stubbornness so sublime. Arriving at Sacramento with her daughter, the old lady readily found employment—for women were less plenty than now—and subsequently opened a boarding-house, and in a few years amassed a handsome fortune. Two years ago she went to San Francisco, and the daughter, whose education had not been neglected, was married to one of the most substantial citizens.

And what become of the old man? The wife had not seen or heard of him since they parted on the Humboldt. They had lived happily together as man and wife for years, and she sometimes reproached herself for the willfulness that separated them after so long a pilgrimage together through this rough life. But he was not dead. We cannot trace his course to California, however. All that we know of him is, that fortune had not smiled upon him, and that for years he had toiled without hope. Finally, feeling scarcely able to longer wield the pick and shovel, he visited San Francisco, in the hope of obtaining employment better adapted to his wasted strength.

For three months he remained idle after arriving here, and then, for want of occupation, became the humble retailer of peanuts and oranges, with his entire stock of traffic in a basket upon his arm. This was about six months ago. A few weeks since, in passing the open door of a cottage in the southern part of the city, he observed a lady in the hall and stopped to offer his merchandize. As he stepped upon the threshold the lady approached, and the old man raised his eyes and dropped the basket. And no wonder either, for she was his wife, his "old woman!"

She recognized him, and throwing up her arms in amazement, exclaimed,

"Great God, John! Is that you?"

"All that is left of me" replied the old man.

With extended arms they approached. Suddenly the old lady's countenance changed, and she stepped back.

"John," said she, with a look which might have been construed into earnestness, "how did you find the Carson road?"

"Miserable, Suky—miserable," replied the old man, "full of sand and alkali!"

"Then I was right, John!" she continued, inquiringly.

"You were, Suky," he replied.

"That's enough!" said she, throwing her arms around the old man's neck; "that's enough, John;" and the old couple, so strangely sundered, were again united. Both are living with their daughter, on Second street.

DAVIS AND WIGFALL.

From the Mobile War Spirit.

Mr. Wigfall, of Texas, is one of that sort of men, we take it, whose bump of reverence has no large development to impress him with an uncomfortable feeling of awe in the presence of greatness. We will describe a scene between him and the President, as it was described to us:—

Wigfall—Davis, you are a great man, a smart man; a heap smarter man than I am.

The President—(Replies with a nasal grunt not susceptible of being indicated by any combination of the letters of the alphabet.)

Wigfall—Davis, you are a mighty knowing man, but if I were in your place, as the Chief Magistrate of this struggling young Republic, I would know a sight more than you do, and a great deal that you won't.

The President—(Putting on an air of prim indignity, replies with two grunts.)

Wigfall—Davis, if I were President, as you are, I should deem it a duty I owe to my country to know something of what others know. I would put myself in free and easy communication with men of mind, whether in official or private station, to seek information from them, and learn their views concerning public affairs, in order that I might profit by them in the conduct of the great affairs of State. No man is so omniscient but that he may learn something by association and free converse with his fellows.

(Exit of the President consulting his watch.)

☞ The San Franciscans are enjoying an extreme view of female charms, a Chinese girl of high rank exhibiting her little feet, but two and a half inches in length, to the outside barbarians there.

A REBEL LETTER.—The following extract is from a letter found in an old wallet in Fort Clinch, Fernandina, Florida, after its occupation by the Union forces:—

NASHVILLE, TENN., Feb. 26, 1862.

"Dear Son:—I have not much time to write to you, for we are retreating from Nashville. The d—d Yankees have driven us out of our old quarters, and they will soon drive us out of this place. They are about thirty thousand strong and fight like devils. I am afraid they will take Stephens, for he only left here yesterday. I don't think the South can hold out much longer, for the people are starving to death, and so are the soldiers up this way. I think they will rebel against themselves. Won't it be awful for us now to give up to the d—d Yankees!"

☞ He who knows the world will not be too bashful. He who knows himself will not be impudent.

☞ Fools pretend to foretell what will be the issue of things, and are laughed at for their awkward conjectures. Wise men, being aware of the uncertainty of human affairs, and having observed how small a matter often produces a great change, are modest in their conjectures.

☞ The cost of the railroads built in this country within twenty-five years would pay our national debt thirteen times.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts and stocks of Flour continue very light, and the market dull but firm, the week's sales reaching some 10,000 bbls, in lots, mostly taken for export, at $5@5,25 for common and good superfine, which is very scarce, and now held higher, $5,37½@5,75 for extras, the latter for handsome Lancaster county, and from $5,40 up to 5,87½ for Western and Penna extra family. The sales to the trade have been moderate, within the range of prices, and fancy brands at $6@6,50 ₱ bbl, as in quality. Rye Flour is steady, with sales of 300 bbls, in lots, at $3,25. Corn Meal continues unsettled and rather lower, and some 700 bbls Penna found buyers, mostly at $2,65@2,70 ₱ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been rather more Wheat offering, and holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have submitted to a further decline of 3@4c ₱ bus, with sales of 35,000 bus to note, mostly good and prime Penna reds, at 125@128c, closing at 126c afloat; 130@132c for Southern do, and white at 132@145c, as in quality, including some prime Kentucky at 140c in store. Rye is steady, with further sales of 4000 bus Penna at 70c. Corn comes in slowly and meets with a good demand at rather better prices, about 40,000 bus having been taken at 55c for prime yellow afloat and 53½@54c, including damaged lots at 43@46c, and white at 50@61c afloat, the latter for prime. Oats are rather more inquired for, with but few offering, and sales of 12,000 bus prime Penna are reported at 35@36c, mostly at the latter rate for 32 lbs. Barley and Malt are quiet, the active season being about over. Mill Feed moves off slowly, prices ranging at about $16 for ship stuff, and $18@23 ₱ ton for middlings.

PROVISIONS—The demand for barrelled Meats continues limited, and the market dull at previous prices. Some 800 bbls Western and city Mess Pork sold at $12¾@13, and Mess Beef at $18@15 ₱ bbl, and the sales of the latter small. Bacon is also but little inquired for.—Hams range at 6@7c; Sides at 6@6¼c, and Shoulders at 5@5½c, cash and time. Of Green Meats the sales have been fair, including Hams in salt and pickle at 5@5½c, Sides in salt at 5@5½c, and Shoulders at 4@4½c, cash and short time.—Lard is steady, with further sales of 1500 pkgs at 6@6¾c for prime Western in tcs and bbls, 7¼@7¾c for irregular pkgs, and kegs at 8½@8c ₱ lb, cash and time. Butter is firmer, and Roll is selling at 15@17c, the latter for prime, which is an advance. Packed is steady at 8@9c. Cheese is quiet, with sales at 7@8c ₱ lb. Eggs are unchanged, and worth 11c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market is firm; some 400 bales having been taken within the range of 22@23c, cash, for ordinary to middling quality.

ASHES—The market is dull and unsettled, with a small business to note at about previous rates.

BARK comes in slowly, and Quercitron is steady, but rather quiet, with further small sales of 1st No. 1 at $33½ ₱ ton, at which rate it is offered. Of Tanners' Bark the receipts and sales are limited, and prices the same.

BEESWAX is firm, with sales of good yellow in small lots at 33@33½c ₱ lb.

COAL—Vessels are more plenty, and prices are unchanged, but business is inactive for the season, and the demand, both for shipment and home use, light.

COFFEE—The receipts and stock continue very light and the market steady but very quiet at previous rates. Sales reach a few small lots, at 18@19c for low grade Rio and 21c for Laguayra, on time.

COPPER is dull, with a small business in Sheathing and yellow Metal, the latter selling at 34c, 6 months.

FEATHERS have been rather quiet this week, and the sales small at 36@38c, the latter for good Western.

FRUIT—Fruit sells slowly at 5½@7c for Dried Apples, and 6@9c for Unpared Peaches and the latter very dull. Green Apples and Cranberries are scarce, the season for both being about over.

HAY continues steady, good Timothy selling at 70@75c ₱ 100 lbs.

HEMP is quiet and prices about the same, with a few small sales of Western on terms kept private.

HOPS continue dull, and a small business only to note at 16@20c for Eastern and Western.

IRON—There is not much demand for Pig Metal, and the market is inactive. Sales of some 4000 tons Anthracite, however, are reported, part private and part at $31 for No. 2, and $32 for No 1, on time, including 600 tons Forge at $30, 6 mos. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig. Bars continue active and on the advance. Rails are firm.

LEAD—There is little or no stock here, and the manufacturers have been buying in a neighboring market.

LUMBER—There is more disposition to operate, but trade has not fairly opened yet, and we are only advised of some further sales of Yellow Saw Boards at $14@15 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is firmer, with further small sales of Cuba at 21c for old crop, 22@23c for new do, and 27@30c for Muscovado, including 200 bbls Syrup, in lots, at 25@30c, all on the usual terms.

PLASTER is in demand, and some further sales are reported at $3,87½ ₱ ton.

RICE—There is very little offering or selling, and the market is quiet at 7@7¼c for Carolina, and 6¼@6¾c for East India.

SEEDS—There has been a fair demand for Cloverseed, with sales of 1500 bus in lots at $5@5@25 ₱ bus, the latter rate for prime. Timothy is steady at $2@2,12½, and Flaxseed at $2,10@3,15 ₱ bus, and the offerings and sales light. Red Top is worth $2,50 ₱ sack.

SPICES remain very quiet, and the sales mostly in a small way at about previous rates. The only transaction we hear of is 300 bags Pimento on terms kept private.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin meet with a limited demand, and command full prices. N E Rum is steady at 30@37c. Whiskey has been unsettled, with sales of bbls to some extent at 24@25c, the latter for prime Western, which is now held firmly at that rate, Drudge at 23@23½c, and hhds at 23½@24c.

SUGAR—The market is firm but inactive, and 700 hhds found buyers at 7@8¼c for Cuba and Porto Rico, mostly of the former, on the usual credit.

TALLOW is in fair demand at 8¼@8¾c for country, and 9c ₱ lb for city; 50 casks Butchers' Association sold at the latter rate.

TOBACCO—There is very little movement in either leaf or manufactured to alter quotations, and reduced stocks to operate in.

WOOL—The market has been almost at a stand-still; the transactions have been limited to a few small lots domestic and foreign, taken within the range of quotations.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1500 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 9 cents ₱ lb. 125 Cows brought from $30 to 37 ₱ head. 3000 Sheep were sold at from $5,25 to 5,75. 1120 Hogs sold at from $5,25 to 6.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

S. DEXTER & CO., 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. Henry Morton, D. D., S. MORRIS ADAMS, to CARRIE H. daughter of C. Fred. Hupfeld, Jr. both of this city.

On the 10th of Jan. by the Rev. Jos. H. Kennard, Mr. DAVID L. COLBOUK, to Miss SALLIE W. DANIELS, both of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Rich. Newton, D. D., CALEB BRINTON, Jr. of Wawmsean, Chester county, to LIZZIE P. daughter of Wm. S. Boulden, Esq. of this city.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. JOHN H. SHENK, to Miss MARY J. SEVERN, both of this city.

On the 7th of Jan. by the Rev. Jos. T. Cooper, Mr. SAMUEL WILSON, to Miss REBECCA STEVENSON, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Mullen, FREDERICK ERNSELL, to Miss CATHARINE DEROUSSE, both of this city.

On the 3d of March, by the Rev. A. W. Milby, Mr. WILLIAM H. LANCASTER, to Miss ANNA E. RENSEN, both of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. EDWIN W. CHAPIN, to Miss SARAH JANE THOMPSON, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Harpersville, N. Y., on Tuesday, the 18th of March, 1862, J. ELIZA, eldest daughter of Robt. G. and Jane Eliza Harpur, aged 14 years.

After a painful illness of one week's duration, borne with the patience and humble submission of a Christian child, she has gone from our sight. Loneliness and sorrow are in the home where her mild, cheerful, and loving spirit ever gave light and comfort, and commanded the fondest affections. A large circle of relatives and companions of her childhood deeply mourn her departure, and sympathize with the bereaved parents.

"Sorrow not even as others who have no hope:
Them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

"Though brightness hath passed from the earth,
Yet a star is new-born in the sky,
And a soul hath gone home to the land of its birth.
Where are pleasures and fulness of joy!
And a new harp is strung, and a new song is given
To the breezes that float o'er the gardens of Heaven!"

On the morning of the 9th of 4th mo., EMMA BROWN, in her 26th year.

On the 9th instant, JANE, daughter of the late John and Susanna Davis.

On the 8th instant, ALLEN KNOWLES, son of David and Eliza Knowles, in his 20th year.

On the 7th instant, SAMUEL WILSON, Sr. in his 82d year.

On the 8th instant, LUCY PETERS, in her 88th year.

Suddenly, on the 8th instant, WILLIAM FRANKLIN, in his 95th year.

On the 7th instant, DANIEL DAVIS, in his 51st year.

On the 8th instant, ROBERT L. ARMSTRONG, in his 25th year.

On the 7th instant, HETTY ARNOLD, wife of Jas. Arnold, aged 36 years.

On the 5th instant, Mrs. SARAH WILLIAMS, wife of Mr. Chas. Williams, aged 35 years.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, April 12, 1862.

Alabama	50 dis.	Missouri	5 to 50 dis.
Canada	1 dis.	Nebraska	—
Connecticut	1 dis.	New Brunswick	10 dis.
Delaware	1 dis.	New Hampshire	1 dis.
Dist. of Columbia	2 dis.	New Jersey	par to 1 dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York City	par.
Georgia	50 dis.	New York State	1 dis.
Illinois	5 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	50 dis.
Indiana	1 to 5 dis.	Nova Scotia	10 dis.
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Kentucky	2 to 50 dis.	Rhode Island	1 dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	South Carolina	50 dis.
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This Expectorant is prepared only at 242 CHESTNUT Street, and for sale by Druggists generally. mar 22 tf

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTES.

At Rock Island, Illinois, we have a friend of the Drawer who writes:

"In company with an old friend, Lawyer K., I started on a hunting excursion. Rock River lay in our route, spanned by a double-track bridge. We of course took the right, and did not perceive (not quite daylight yet,) a team approaching from the opposite direction on the same track.

"'Halloo, there!' shouted my indignant friend. 'What did you take *this* track for?'

"'And,' was the reply, 'what does yer Honor find fault wid me for? Didn't I take the same thruck ye did yerself?'

"That was Irish beyond a doubt, and admitted of no answer."

Lord Chatham rebuked a dishonest Chancellor of the Exchequer by finishing a quotation the latter had commenced. The debate turned upon some grant of money for the encouragement of art, which was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who finished his speech against Lord Chatham's motion by saying,

"Why was not this ointment sold and the money given to the poor?"

Chatham rose, and said,

"Why did not the noble lord complete the quotation, the application being so striking? As he has shrunk from it, I will finish the verse for him—'This Judas said, not that he cared for the poor, but because *he was a thief, and carried the bag.*'"

In Upper Egypt, Illinois, they have some of the hardest-shell preachers. A friend writes to the Drawer that he dropped in the other day to hear one of them preach. After announcing his text the preacher began:

"My dear brethren and sistern, I solicit your prayerful and undivided attention while I cite your minds to the passedge of Scripter I here jest read. In which remarks I shall try to do you good as doth the upright in heart; provided my text don't throw me."

"Last summer, in the height of mosquito time, the little rascals had their songs in the night to the annoyance of every one. While my little sister Ettie, then about five years old, was being put to bed her mother said to her,

"'Ettie, you must always be a good girl, and then at night, while you are asleep, the angels will come and watch around your bed.'

"'Oh, yes, ma,' said Ettie, 'I know that.—I heard them singing all around my head last night.'"

Great difficulty was experienced in furnishing the Pennsylvania troops with shoes at the commencement of the three months' service. Those that were furnished were generally much too large for the wearers. This fact occasioned much merriment and some inconvenience. A raw recruit in Col. Owen's regiment was being put through the squad drill, when the following colloquy took place:—

Sergeant.—"Why don't ye mind the orthers there, Patrick Kelly? There ye've bin standin' like a spalpeen iver since ye come out, and niver a once faced to the right or left! Shure an' I'll arrist ye! D'ye mind that?"

Private.—"Ye're mistaken altogether, sargent. Shure an' ye've bin lookin' at me shoes. *Divil a bit can I turn thim around!*"
—*Harper's Monthly.*

A Model Letter and a Model "Powem."

The San Francisco Golden Era gives publicity to the following letter and poem:—

THE LETTER.

Messrs Editurs Era:—Please find inclosed a fine powem of ten standsers, which I send to you for publycation in your vallybull papur. I have rote a good eel for Eastern perryodicals, such as maggerzines—Bonner's *leger*, for instance—to years or more back. And Mr. Bonner rit a note onto me about my jems, and sade I ort to be incurryidged; but as fanny Furn mollypised all his spair room and munny, more or less, he couldent give me enny more chance at present, which I look upon as a grate want of oversite in him. I hurd he was loosing his circulation presently. I always thort he was inanny. Fanny furn never rit a rime in all her life, and as for prose, ennybody can rite prose that knows how to spell, which is moar than I can sa for hur. Shes got sum cents, but she is to plane-spoken to soot a high-strung intellect like mine. Her brancs lay to much on the top of her hed, and are as strong as a maskerline, and she is as sassy as a ring-taled munky up a tree, which is not a high compliment to pay to enny woman of the female sects. I cent a powem to the *Atlantik Munthly* mourn a ear ago, which I haint hurn from already. I suppoged it was waiting fur a turn till last week, when O. Homes! cent me this blind anser: "Miss M. M., your jingle is too loose to chime in with our ideas of musical propriety. It is too nervous in some places and too nubby in others. Your feet are not well enough turned to appear in our literary highway. Indefinitely postponed. Favor us again at that date." I describe it to poor jellysy. Homes is afraid I'd blight his lawrells, which is rather green. He'd better take fisick himself, and not confide it to others. He's nurvisser as a settin hen about sum things to evident to mention. Mi husband, who has kep school without help three terms in a village town with populous inhabitants to approbation, and got good salary, is a good jug of poetry, and he sais I ort to have pai. He red Byron's Bacon and Milton's Pope, and sais they compare. He sais goat Willis gets a fabbleous prise for his shaller effusions, which can't be mentioned with mine short of malice aforesaid. The flat-us comes on me mostly when I lay in bed, and I always takes a peace of papur to bed with me to describe my commotions onto. Oh! it is a glorious thing to be warfted clear out of oreself among sublime thorts and things, and sai it out in ink. Were you ever inspired to think? What a precuss gift it is, to fly on the wings of thort above comprarison and dror common minds up to the contemptability of invisible things—to flote in contact, on a sea of surging rapture! It can't be circumscribed in the equeduct of language. When the fit is onto me, my nite cap always gits askew and mi husband sais I don't know no more where I am than a crazy bed-bug, which is the strongest proof that I am uncommonly endowed with poetry vains. I would like a dollar a vuss for this powem, to begin with which is one of my best. If that is to much for the price you can print it for nothing, but I shant rite you no more at that cost. I shall reservoir my feelings for a more tortueous time. Mi real name is Manda Murdock, which I don't want everybody to recognize all at once, so I rite *incognito*. Modesty is retiring. You can giv the munny to Miss day. She knows me and will like to see it. I am engaged to her Maggerzine, which is ahead of the Atlantic monthly, off and on in the eddytoral department, but she is literal minded and don't want to mellopise my talents for pecuniary circumstances. She sais mi mission is to shine in menny placess and manifest an afferaity for all life and purility as she does. Our mission is a paralel together. We yurn over one another and have spiritooal revolutions in a circle. It's a trance. You wont heer no moar from me short of ten dollars which I live in hopes on down.

Manda Murdock,
(*Incognito.*)

P. S.—Print it *vicey versy*.

THE "POWEM."

"FLOW ON MY TEERS."

BY INCOONITO.

Flow on my teers, my teers flow on.
My eyes are wet and read;
I love to weep when I am sad
I wish that I was dead.

For frenships cords all brake into,
When on them I do lean;
I love to weep for such because
I think it is so mean.

Oh, bid me not contrite my grefe,
Or hold my feeline in:
Oh, tell me not that it is ronge,
Because it is a sin.

The faces that I used to see,
Are mine to see no more;
And I am drifting day by day,
Onto a forin shore.

The wild winds whissle throug the pines,
The bull dog loud does bay;
The clothes are switching on the line,
And I am growing gray.

Flow on oh river wide and deep.
Flow on, and as you flow;
Bare to the ever swashing sea,
The burden of my woe.

Oh for the joys of vanished yooth,
The blue-birds and the bloom;
They will no more come back again,
Because there is no room.

The stars go creeping up the sky,
And all the nite I mope;
I'll jump into some rainey day,
A barrel of soft soap.

All dark, all dark, the future is,
I see no lite around.
All things are full of emptiness,
And turn 'ed up-side down.

Then sai not it is week to weep,
When everything is pane;
It washes from my eyes the durt
And eases off my brane.

Bigamy.—A young couple were sitting together in a romantic spot, with birds and flowers about them, when the following dialogue ensued:

"My dear, if the sacrifice of my life would please thee, most gladly would I lay it at thy feet."

"Oh, sir, you are too kind! But it just reminds me that I wish you'd stop using tobacco."

"Can't think of it. It's a habit to which I am wedded."

"Very well, sir, since this is the way you lay down your life for me, and as you are already wedded to tobacco, I'll take good care you are never wedded to me, as it would be bigamy."

A Sensible Question.—A farmer, at the close of last summer, required a number of reapers; several presented themselves, and all were engaged with one exception.

The poor man thus omitted said,

"Master, won't you hire me?"

"No," said the farmer.

"Why not?"

"Because you are too little."

"Too little!" exclaimed the astonished Irishman; "does your honor reap your corn at the top?"

What could Farmer Grains do but roar with laughter, and send the little man to join his comrades in the field?

☞ Tuning-forks are pitched to certain keys by filing them near the points inside of the crotch to sharpen them and near the end of the crotch to render them flat. They are not tuned in the tempering process.

☞ "Do you believe, sir, that the dead ever walk after desth?" "No doubt of it, madam; I have heard the *dead march*."

☞ The young lady who "was driven to distraction" is now afraid she will have to walk back.

☞ Flowers have their language, why not their religion? Of course it would be Buddism.

Artist.—"My big picture? I haven't painted in the two principal figures yet; because I can't find anybody pretty enough to sit for them. Ah! Miss *Mary*, if I could only induce *you* just to—"

Miss Bridget.—"Oh! my *dear* Mr. Palette, we should both be only too *delighted!*—When shall we come to your studio? How shall we dress? and what style of coiffure?"

[Now, what is a fellow to say in such a fix as this?]

In the year 1788, a merchant who resided at Messina, in Sicily, had, it is said, two favorite cats, and their manner one day alarmed him. Before the shock occurred, these animals were anxiously endeavoring to work their way through the floor; their master observing their fruitless labors, opened the door for them. At a second and a third floor which they found closed, they repeated their efforts; and on being set completely at liberty, they ran straight through the street and out of the gate of the town. The merchant, whose curiosity was excited by this strange conduct, followed the animals out of the town into the fields, where he saw them again scratching and burrowing in the earth. Soon after, there was a violent shock of an earthquake, and many of the houses in the city fell down, of which the merchant's was one, so that he was indebted for his life to the singular forebodings of these domestic animals.

The Fifth Commandment.—An old schoolmaster said one day to a minister who had come to examine his school, "I believe the children know the Catechism word for word." "But do they understand it? that is the question," said the minister. The schoolmaster only bowed respectfully, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," and he was desired to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, the little boy, with his face covered with blushes, said, almost in a whisper, "Yesterday, I showed some strange gentlemen over the mountain. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw they were bleeding, and they gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave it to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."

Courtesy at Home.—Almost any one can be courteous in a neighbor's house. If anything goes wrong, or is out of time, or is disagreeable there, it is made the best of, not the worst; even efforts are made to excuse it, and to show it is not felt; it is attributed to accident, not to design; and this is not only easy but natural in the house of a friend. I will not, therefore, believe that what is so natural in the house of another is impossible at home, but maintain, without fear, that all the courtesies of social life may be upheld in domestic society. A husband as willing to be pleased at home as he is anxious to be pleased in a neighbor's house, and a wife as intent on making things comfortable every day to her family as on set days to her guests, could not fail to make home happy.

☞ The fairest privilege of friendship lies in this—that the friend loves us with our faults, while others only love us because they do not see them.

☞ A rigidly pious old lady down East says, "this civil war is a judgment upon the nation for permitting women to wear hoops."

Agricultural.

SMALL AND LARGE FARMS.

BY JUDGE FRENCH.

England produces an average of about 28 bushels of wheat to the acre, while France produces about half that quantity, and the United States considerably less than France. Why is this so? An Englishman will answer at once that it is because in England the land is owned by a few large proprietors, while in France and the United States it is divided into small tracts among many owners. In England, the real estate of a person dying intestate all descends to the eldest son, while in France, as in this country, it is equally divided among all the children. In England, the tendency of the laws is, to increase the land of the land-owner, to make the rich richer, and if not to make the poor poorer, at least to keep him always as poor as he now is.

Lavergne, in 1855, estimated that there were about 200,000 farmers, that is, persons who occupy as tenants of others, in England alone, occupying an average of 150 acres each. Of these, about one-half cultivate their farms themselves, with the assistance of their families. In France, besides the five or six millions of small holdings, below twenty acres each, there are four or five hundred thousand averaging fifty or sixty acres each, and many very large estates, especially near Paris. The difference between the actual extent of the farms, *as occupied*, in England and elsewhere, is usually exaggerated. A few immense landowners are referred to as illustrations of British agriculture. The estate of the Duke of Sutherland, the largest in Great Britain, contains 750,000 acres, but this is in the North of Scotland, a wild and rough country, which does not admit of the fine cultivation of the lowland counties. The immense estates of the Duke of Northumberland are situated mostly in the county of that name, one of the most mountainous and least productive. It is not usually on those immense estates that we find the most profitable cultivation. The large proprietors do not usually manage their own estates, or even keep them much in their charge. They are divided off into farms of 100 to 1,000 acres, and leased, and the tenant or farmer occupies them as if they were his own. Often, indeed usually, there is no written lease, and the tenant goes on from year to year for a generation, under a sort of custom, and at his death, his widow or son continues in the same occupation, so that the homes of English farmers are even more permanent than those of American farmers. Now, if each of these farmers owned his farm, would he not cultivate it as well for himself and the country, as he now does?

It has been often said in England that the best lease is that which makes the tenant most like an owner. Yet, we observed while in company with English farmers, that they supposed that a tenant-farmer cultivated better than an owner. We were struck with this fact, when travelling through Lincolnshire with some very shrewd farmers. "There," they would say, "is a farm owned by the occupant; if he paid rent he could not afford to raise such poor crops."

CAPITAL NECESSARY.

The secret of this matter seems to be this: To cultivate land profitably, in an old, long settled country, it must be cultivated well and systematically, and to do this requires capital. A farmer in England, who expends the most of his money to buy a farm, has not enough left to cultivate it liberally. A thousand-acre farm in Lincolnshire requires about $50,000 capital, to enter upon and stock and manage it to the best advantage, as tenant merely. It is not the extent of the farm, but the means and skill to cultivate it in the best manner, that make it profitable. Put upon a Lincolnshire farm of this extent, a farmer with small capital, and he must ruin the farm and himself. He cannot buy stock, tools and manure, nor employ labor requisite to make it productive. The farmer with small capital had better remain upon a small farm. There are certain obvious advantages in farms of not very small extent. Costly labor-performing machines, such as steam-engines for threshing, and the like, could not be owned to advantage by small proprietors, and labor can be better systematized on a large than a small farm. The practical objection to the English system of farming is not so much to its agricultural results, as to its oppression of the laboring classes. The laborer in England is generally poor, ignorant and degraded, compared with any class of laborers which we have in New England, and so long as the present laws of property continue, he must always remain so. English agriculture is profitable to the tenant-farmer, and to the land-owner, because the poor laborer who does the hard work gets no just recompense for his labor.

THE ISLAND OF JERSEY.

This little island, although governed by England, is not subject to the English laws as to inheritance; but the old Norman law, by which each child inherits equally the land of the parent, still prevails, by a sort of custom, and has prevailed for nine hundred years. This is the island from which came the famous breed of Jersey cows. The effect of their laws has been to divide the land into very small holdings, a farm so large as forty acres scarcely being found on the island, and most of the farms containing only from five to fifteen acres. This island, thus divided, is cultivated like a garden. It is rented at an average of twenty to twenty-five dollars per acre annually, and the farmers live in comparative comfort.

FRANCE.

Lavergne says that in France, cultivation is generally better in those districts where the small properties predominate, and that it is the same in Belgium and Germany, and, indeed, everywhere else, except England. The fact is, that England, though as a nation enormously in debt, yet has immense resources. She is not an agricultural nation, but a manufacturing and commercial nation, and she takes the wealth realized from other sources, and invests it in her soil, and so developes its resources. France is more an agricultural nation—she cultivates far more acres for an equal quantity of grain, she keeps far less stock on the same number of acres, and produces far less of green crops in proportion to her grain. Her error is like ours. She occupies too much land for the capital she employs. This may be excusable in Americans at the West, on land which costs nothing, but it is ruinous on old and valuable lands.

France has expended her treasures, for a half century or more, in revolutions at home, while England has had peace within her own borders. Like a farmer in a long law-suit, France comes out poor: and finds the land has suffered from neglect, while its title was in controversy. She is now living *as she can*, till she recovers herself and can invest labor and capital in the culture of her soil. She is an illustration, with her fine soil and climate, and low agricultural state, of the saying of Montesquieu, "It is not fertility, but liberty, which cultivates a country."

Our conclusion is, then, that a well-cultivated farm is most profitable, whether it be large or small, and that the productiveness of land does not necessarily depend much upon its being owned or occupied in large tracts. It is capable of mathematical demonstration, that with our prices of labor and of products, the English system of farming, with their rents of land, could not support itself in this country. The cheapness of our land ought, however, to nearly or quite compensate for the higher price of our labor. Certainly, the high price of labor is no reason for our employing it foolishly, and it is an additional reason why we should employ animal and steam power, and improved implements, and those ought to compensate for the lower cash price of our products. The great hindrances to our agriculture are want of capital and want of permanent occupation, or the spirit of unrest which unsettles all our plans.

Farming is still the best business in the country, taking the average throughout, and certainly it is the business which admits of most improvement.—*New England Farmer.*

The Potato Disease.—J. B. Austine, of Warren, Mass., writes that five years' close observation and experience in regard to the potato disease, prove conclusively, to his mind, that the best remedy consists in separating the tops from the tubers as soon as the former show any evidence of disease or blight. This is done by carefully pulling the tops, the workman placing his feet around them, so as to prevent the tubers from being drawn out.

Useful Receipts.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Calves Feet Blanc Mange.—Put 4 calves feet, nicely cleaned, into 4 quarts water; reduce it by boiling, to 1 quart; strain, and set it to cool; when cold, remove all the fat from the surface, and the settlings from the bottom; now put it into 1 quart milk, sweeten to taste, let it simmer a few minutes, flavor after it is removed from the fire, with essence almonds or rose water; strain it again, and put it into moulds. To be eaten cold, with custard made soft, or cream.

Ice Cream.—Take 2 quarts good country cream; sweeten it with 1 pound white sugar. Take half a vanilla bean—grate it on a nutmeg grater into a little of the cream; scald this, to extract the flavor; boil 1 tablespoonful of arrowroot in half pint milk; mix all together; put the cream into the freezer; stir it frequently, scraping the frozen parts from the sides often; beat it from time to time while freezing—this makes it lighter.

H. M.

White Paint.—The common fault of this oil paint is, that after exposure to the weather, it will rub off like whitewash; this may be prevented by mixing in with the paint a little of the following varnish:

Gum shellac 1 lb.
Alcohol ½ gallon.

Dissolve in a warm water bath.

The common paints thus blended will last and stand the weather three times as long as usual, and with no increase in expenditure for the economy thus gained.

C. E. Asbury.

Currant Wine.—The following method of making superior currant wine, is recommended in a French publication:—For currants, 9 pounds of honey are dissolved in 15 gallons of boiling water, to which, when clarified, is added the juice of 8 pounds of red or white currants. It is then fermented for twenty-four hours, and two pounds of sugar to every gallon of water are added. The preparation is afterwards clarified with the whites of eggs and cream of tartar. White currants are said to make the best wine. It is much sweeter and pleasanter flavored, when ripe, for table use. The wine made from it is nearly colorless, of sweet and pleasant flavor, resembling the light sweet French wines. Bottled at a particular stage, before the fermentation has entirely subsided, it makes a very fair champagne.

☞ Voltaire had a perfect horror of inquisitive persons. He said to one of these paupers—"Sir, I am delighted to see you, but I give you fair warning—I know nothing about what you are going to ask me."

☞ A laugh, says Lamb, is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market.

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 45 letters.

My 19, 37, 23, 5, 4, 19, was the wife of Saturn.
My 38, 8, 31, 42, 18, was the son of Mars and Venus.
My 1, 13, 25, 29, 2, was a King of the Titans.
My 11, 3, 25, 36, 2, 6, 21, 1, was Jupiter's nurse in Crete.
My 13, 14, 36, 17, 7, 2, was one of the ferrymen across the rivers Acheron and Styx.
My 13, 42, 9, 36, 35, a noted sorceress.
My 30, 24, 4, 31, 39, 42, a city of Phocis.
My 44, 40, 36, 38, 33, 41, a hero of Troy.
My 12, 22, 43, 34, 16, 2, a son of Neptune.
My 37, 14, 11, 4, 43, 20, the muse of Comedy.
My 4, 5, 45, 39, 35, the river of Oblivion.
My 4, 1, 20, 43, 2, 42, 26, the wife of Æneas.
My 39, 35, 32, 29, the beloved of Leander.
My 28, 7, 17, 43, 29, 2, a daughter of Phocyn and Cato, of peculiar power of look.
My 10, 43, 2, 30, one of the elements ruled by the god who lived in the Æolian Isles.
My 15, 42, 2, 19, a drink of the ancients presided over by a special god.

My whole is an extract from a popular song, and should be the watch-word of every heart.

Cincinnati, Ohio. C. B. L.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 1, 13, 10, 21, 3, 17, 21, 10, is a capital of one of the United States.
My 7, 15, 14, 9, is a county in Illinois.
My 22, 9, 20, 3, 13, 9, is a lake in the United States.
My 4, 7, 19, 13, 1, 1, 20, is one of the Barbary States.
My 18, 21, 10, 9, is a river in England.
My 19, 5, 11, 9, is a city in Italy.
My 9, 14, 17, 9, is a river in Europe.
My 1, 13, 3, is a cape in the United States.
My 23, 13, 4, 9, 19, is a town in New York.
My 3, 15, 9, 19, is a river in Europe.

My whole is the name of a distinguished United States officer. CLARENCE.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The loftiest pride of freedom's land
Hath reared my first to lasting fame;
On me the firmest cities stand,
Yet I've a common name.

My second's gone when summer's here,
No odds what sort of weather;
Perhaps you'll think it rather queer
That we don't stay together.

My third is more precious than silver or gold,
In truth I am willing to say;
For on it affection is sure to take hold,
But at last it is nothing but clay.

Now set your wits to guessing me,
If you've an inclination;
That's if you don't already see
My whole's an occupation.

Clinton Co., Ohio. J. W.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a town in China.
Is a town in Hanover.
Is a town in Spain.
Is a town in France.
Is town in Austria.
Is a town in Brazil.
Is a town in Missouri.

My initials form the name of a celebrated statesman. SAMUEL LAIRD.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A county in Vermont.
A division of the earth.
Islands south of Italy.
A river in Europe.
A river in Asia.

The initials will form the name of a county, and the finals the name of the state where it is situated. GAHMEW.

ANNUITY QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A certain man being the owner of a house, which would rent at $500 a year: this he willed at the time of his death to his surviving sister, for her to have the benefit thereof for the next first two years after his death; and then her son, his nephew, should enjoy the rent for the next succeeding ten years. After which it was to come into the possession of his own children. The nephew being already of age, and wishing to commence business in a small shop, sold the rent of the house for his term of ten years, (which were thus to commence two years after the date of these transactions,) receiving in advance such a sum as was equivalent to the $500 paid at the end of each year, reckoning compound discount at 5 per cent. per annum. What is the sum which he really did receive?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kratzerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ When you put on your stocking, why are you sure to make a mistake? Ans.—Because you are sure to put your foot in it.

☞ What is that which gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor's bill? Ans.—A draught.

☞ Why is a bailiff like a tar on the ocean? Ans.—Because he's on the seize (seas).

☞ What coin is like the going up of a balloon? Ans.—A cent.

☞ Why is venison generally more costly than other meat? Ans.—Because it's always deer (dear).

☞ Why is the chimney-stalk of a large manufactory like a false alarm? Ans.—It ends in smoke.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, Pa. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.—"The Union must and shall be preserved." ENIGMA.—Burnside Expedition. CHARADE.—Peterson. (Pet-er-son.) DOUBLE REBUS.—New York, New York. (Nankin, Erne, Warsaw, Yancey, Oporto, Red River, Keokuk.)